

The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

CARL MCGUIRE

Report from the Middle East

BERTRAM MORRIS

The Moral Predicament of Contemporary Man

MARTIN STAPLES SHOCKLEY

Hemingway's Moment of Truth

ZENA HUNTER

Letters from Burma

DAYTON D. MCKEAN

In Defense of the Big University

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Subscription rates: \$3.00 a year; \$5.00 for two years; single copies, 75 cents each. Foreign rate: \$3.50 a year.

Issued quarterly in Summer, Autumn, Winter, and Spring by the University of Colorado. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Boulder, Colorado, July 1, 1952.

Unsolicited manuscripts, except those originating on the Boulder campus of the University, must be accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelope. Articles and stories of moderate length (4,000-6,000 words) are preferred.

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VOLUME V, NUMBER 4—SPRING, 1957

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Printed by the JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, 839 Pearl, Boulder

About the authors

Willard Marsh's story "Last Tag," which appeared in the *Autumn* (1955) issue of *The Colorado Quarterly*, was selected for the *O'Hearry Awards* volume, *Prize Stories 1957*, published by Doubleday. A Rotterdam newspaper, *Algemeen Dagblad*, will publish a Dutch translation of the story this year.

CARL MCGUIRE ("A Report from the Middle East," p. 341), Professor of Economics at the University of Colorado, is teaching this year at the American University of Beirut, Lebanon. During 1952-53 he was a Fulbright Lecturer at the University of Alexandria, Egypt. His perceptive article, "Kaleidoscopic Egypt," which analyzed Nasser's seizure of power, was in the *Autumn* (1954) number of the *Colorado Quarterly*.

JESSE STUART ("Four Poems," p. 356), well-known poet and novelist, was named the outstanding Kentuckian of 1956 by the Kentucky Press Association. He suffered a severe heart attack in 1954, but during his convalescence he wrote his nineteenth book, *The Year of My Rebirth*, which was published last year. His poems have appeared in a wide variety of magazines and in three volumes: *A Bull Tongue Plow* (1934), *Album of Destiny* (1944), *Kentucky Is My Land* (1952).

BERTRAM MORRIS ("The Moral Predicament of Contemporary Man," p. 359), Professor of Philosophy at the University of Colorado and author of *The Aesthetic Process*, attributes some of his views on education and moral philosophy to John Ruskin, whom he studied intensively during 1954-55 as a Ford Fellow. His essay, "Ruskin on the Moral Imagination in Architecture," is published in the *University of Colorado Studies in Literature*, January, 1957.

GILBERT THOMAS ("Progress of Error," poem, p. 370), widely known in England as an essayist, biographer, and literary critic, is also a writer on modern railways and the author of *William Cowper and the Eighteenth Century*. He has contributed poems to a number of American journals, including the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, and is represented in many American anthologies.

JOHN ACKERSON ("Two Poems," p. 371) first went to sea in 1914 and then served with the "Suicide Fleet" of armed yachts in World War I and the Asiatic fleet in World War II. His poems have been published in *Atlantic Monthly*, *Saturday Review*, *New York Herald Tribune*, and *New York Times*. He won the A. S. Barnes contest for the armed forces in 1943 and was co-winner of the Kaleidograph contest in 1945, which earned book publication for *Anchor without Laurel Wreath*.

ELIZABETH SIBRAY ("Dropped Beat," p. 372), a physician, teaches at the School of Public Health, University of California in Berkeley. This is her first published story.

WILLARD MARSH ("Snapshots from Atlantis," poem, p. 379), an American writer now living in Mexico, has published poems and stories in some fifteen magazines as diversified as the *Yale Review*, *Furioso*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, and the *Autumn* (1955) *Colorado Quarterly*. His stories have been reprinted in *Martha Foley's Best American Short Stories—1953*, *Antioch Review Anthology*, *Best Post Stories* (1955), and *O. Henry Awards' Prize Stories 1957* (See the headnote to this section).

(Continued on page 441)

Report from the Middle East

CARL MCGUIRE

"There can be no law if we are to invoke one code of international conduct for those who oppose us and another for our friends." These magic words, spoken by President Eisenhower in his effort to stop the Israeli-British-French attack on Suez last fall, regained for the United States more good will in the Middle East than all the technical assistance under Point Four and all the diplomatic gestures by the Department of State since crucial 1948.

The blunt and simple stand of President Eisenhower for a principle caught the Arabs off-balance. For who indeed would have thought that an American presidential candidate would have the courage to take such a firm position in the last vital week before election? Who would have thought that America, even in defense of a sacred principle, would have voted with Russia on a UN resolution censuring its principal allies, Britain and France? Who would have thought that Mr. Eisenhower, even during a crisis whose immediate cause was the falling bombs of NATO powers, would have risked the breakdown of the Western alliance? Who indeed?

The Arabs do not live by bread alone. The everyday life of the typical man of the Middle East, be he Moslem or Christian, is dominated by religious precepts and practices—and controversies—to a degree that is rarely understood in Western life and even more rarely found there. Admittedly daily religious observance does not have as its necessary handmaidens high levels of personal morality and political ethics. Critics may point to a lamentably large gap between daily practice and principle in the Middle East, a gap of which the Middle Easterner is himself very conscious. But the very consciousness of this gap only serves to magnify for Middle Eastern eyes the nobility of President Eisenhower's stand in November.

A recent editorial from a Beirut newspaper expresses the effusive feeling of the time.

Thanks to the noble United States resolution in the Security Council morality rose in full force against immorality and vandalism. The forces of good and evil have been separated. The United States has found the proper way to world leadership—the upholding of morality and justice even against her friends and allies. Hundreds of millions of peace-loving people all over the world, especially the vast Arab countries, are now the trusted and faithful allies of an Eisenhower-ruled United States. . . . This may well prove to be one of the greatest days in the history of mankind.

Thus President Eisenhower gave the United States its first real respite from the odium in which it had been held by the Arab world for its role in creating, sponsoring, and financing Israel. Still one should not get from this the impression that Mr. Eisenhower was previously without any standing in Arab eyes. In Asia as elsewhere the President seemed at once the figure of the calm, understanding father and of the realistic, broadminded military man. Immediately after taking office he had won popularity in the Middle East by his re-evaluation of America policy towards the area and by the substitution of his doctrine of "impartiality" for the Truman policy of "favoritism" toward Israel. The disappointment subsequently felt by the Arabs in the application of the new policy dimmed but did not destroy the luster of Mr. Eisenhower.

I observed an interesting aspect of the sympathetic feeling of the Arabs for the President last fall on some of the college campuses of the Middle East during the presidential campaign. Mr. Eisenhower was the almost unanimous favorite of the Arab students and this was in sharp contrast to the preference of the numerous American university professors in the area for Stevenson. Like their stateside colleagues the college teachers were generally supporters of the "moderate liberalism" of Stevenson. The students argued that Stevenson was a protégé of Truman, who had made Israel a reality. They also held that Eleanor Roosevelt and her Zionist political fellows were the backbone of the support of Stevenson. Since the American college professors teaching in the area were generally anti-Israel, they spent considerable time justifying their preferences for Stevenson, arguing that he was no longer beholden to Truman—witness the Chicago convention—

and that he was a man of good judgment, who as President, would be impartial in his attitudes. The professors were therefore a chagrined and disillusioned group when Stevenson responded to the Suez invasion by announcing a four-point plan which made a play for the Zionist vote by leaving the impression that Israel was really the victim in the affair whereas the banner headlines at that very time screamed, "Israeli Army Invades Egypt," "Suez Seized, Israel Claims," "Israel Occupies Gaza, Egypt Evacuates Sinai," "Israel Expected to Attack Jordan." One could seldom walk across the campus of the American University of Beirut a few days before the election without overhearing some American professor moaning about Stevenson and wondering whether there were any possible way in which he and his wife could call back the absentee ballots which they had so carefully filled with check-marks and mailed back to the county courthouse at home.

II

An abrupt reversal of Arab feeling toward the United States followed the Eisenhower declaration of November that one law should apply to friend and foe alike. Once again after an icy spell lasting long years most Arab papers wrote warm words for American policy. It seemed like the good old days to those Americans who were experienced Middle Eastern observers.

The good old days of the 1920's! When the King-Crane Commission under the auspices of the Versailles Peace Conference could report that its plebiscite of Arabs in Syria and Lebanon showed that over 90 per cent of them favored an American mandate—if they could not be completely independent. Then the American revolution was still the model revolution, and Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points were the model rules for international decision.

What a contrast the late 1950's! Within ten years after the end of World War II the United States had somehow managed to reach a position of infamy that it had taken the British seventy-five years to achieve. And, unlike the British, it was done without occupying a single country in the area or establishing a protec-

torate for a single sheikh. The irony of the American "achievement" is magnificent in its aspect!

The change in the Arab attitude toward America is well illustrated by two scenes on the campus of the American University of Beirut, one laid in 1945 and the other in 1953. The first tableau pictured deputations of Arabs descending upon University President Bayard Dodge with condolences upon the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The second tableau depicted John Foster Dulles in his search for a new Middle Eastern policy accompanied by two armored jeeps full of alerted soldiers armed with submachine guns to protect him from incidents.

The sharp shift in Arab sentiment is so startling that we cannot but inquire: Whence came the good feelings for America in the happy century before 1925? And what were the causes of their disappearance?

The good will felt by the Arabs for America in the 1920's was the combined result of four principal factors. (1) Good deeds. American missions and philanthropic organizations had established orphanages, brought modern medicine and hospitals, and created schools and universities. The constructive performance was deeply appreciated. (2) Political indifference. The United States, unlike the Western European powers and Russia and Turkey, made no claims on the Middle East. It was not that we had a good policy—we really had no policy at all. The area was of no political interest to us. (3) The example of the American revolution. Most parts of the Arab Middle East were under direct or indirect colonial rule and the Arabs valued the history of the United States as a road map to independence. (4) The Arab migration to America. Many Middle Easterners, especially the Syrians and Lebanese, emigrated to the States and wrote home about the "land of opportunity." Many of their interpretations were romanticized and some were exaggerated, but the impact of their expressions was highly favorable to "the last best hope on earth."

The loss of this good will by the 1950's can be attributed partly to American acquiescence in British and French "imperialistic" policies in the area. (Whether one views these policies as good or bad is largely irrelevant.) But by far the most important fac-

tor bringing Arab estrangement has been the role played by the United States in creating Israel and maintaining it as a nation.

The Arabs have viewed the creation of Israel as nothing less than an imperialist invasion which they were forced to accept because of Western strength. They view Israel's survival and its economic growth as largely the product of a vast inflow of United States government grants and loans and of American-Jewish private and philanthropic funds, made possible by loosely interpreted American tax laws. For in Arab eyes gifts to American Zionist organizations are just as political as the contributions to American political parties that the United States so carefully forbids as deductions for income tax purposes.

There is not sufficient space here for an analysis of the Arab-Israeli conflict, but its human symbol is the Palestinian refugee and his hungry ill-clad family, who look through the flaps of their tent in a squalid camp on a miserable winter day at the smoke rising from the hearth of their old home across the Israeli border, a home which was expropriated without compensation and which now houses a Jewish family, building its future with abundant American dollars. It is emotionally impossible for, say, a Jordanian or a Lebanese to be "objective" about the fact that the United States government alone has contributed more funds to date to Israel than to all the Arab countries combined, even though the Arabs are twenty-five times as numerous as the Israelis.

Although it was the connection with Israel which was the chief cause of American loss of face in the Arab Middle East, it is naive in the extreme to insist—as do many Arabs and some Americans—that if there had been no Palestine problem, all would have been rosy in the relationships between American and Arab. The end of World War II saw the old balance of power throughout the globe completely upset, with Britain, France, and Germany displaced by the USA and the USSR as rival world leaders. Britain's loss of her dominant position was dramatically symbolized in the Mediterranean Middle East by the necessary emergence of the Truman Doctrine, bolstering Greece and Turkey against Russian communism. In short the United States had thrust upon it the function of a world power, and it was compelled even against its wishes to develop policies toward the Middle East, an area for

which it had previously felt almost no practical political responsibility. In addition the discovery and development of the world's greatest petroleum reserves in the area around the Persian Gulf multiplied the reasons for American involvement.

No matter how well the Department of State might have developed its policies for the Middle East and no matter how sympathetically receptive the Arabs might have been, the United States was bound to encounter the day-by-day frictions and aggravations that are the inevitable accompaniment of living together as individuals or as nations. Actually, of course, American policies for the area seem to have been selected with particular ineptness, and Arab politicians often seem too prone to deprecate any American action, no matter how well conceived. The romantically favorable view that the Arabs had of the United States in the 1920's was therefore in part a product of American freedom from immediate responsibility for practical international politics in the area. It is naively incorrect to assume that all would be proceeding smoothly in Arab-American relations if only there had never been an Israel.

III

The Eisenhower address to a joint session of Congress on January 5 came as a distinct relief to those who are concerned with the betterment of Arab-American relations. The Eisenhower Doctrine, as the two-part program which he proposed was quickly labeled, called for, first, a clearcut pledge by the United States to use its military forces to defend any Middle East country which is attacked by armies controlled by international communism if that country requests American defense help, and second, increased economic and military aid for the Middle East. The speech did not—to the great relief of Americans in the area—contain any proposals for sponsorship by the United States of a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict. However desirable such an end to this dispute may seem to a non-Middle-Easterner, it is outside the domain of practical politics. No easy one-stroke solution of this problem can be expected, and no mere economic answer

is of interest to the Arabs, for they want "full reinstatement of justice." The Arabs are convinced that time is on their side and that they would have nothing to gain from a settlement now. For the President to have included any plan for compromise on the Arab-Israeli problem would have meant immediate and complete Arab rejection of any and all Eisenhower suggestions and would have provided the Soviet Union with its richest political harvest yet in this unstable area.

It is indeed odd praise for a program, negative praise if you wish, that begins by calling attention to the fact that the proposal refrains from suggesting a peace settlement. This is, no doubt, a regrettable commentary on the temper of the times. Be that as it may, this negative praise is the proper point of departure for an appraisal of the Eisenhower Doctrine.

What of the Doctrine's two positive points? The economic-military aid portion of the program can be disposed of rather quickly for there is general agreement among Arab public opinion that such aid is welcome "provided there are no strings attached to it." Just what is meant by "strings" I have never found precisely defined anywhere in the Arab press, although allusions to military and political obligations are made. Aside from this qualification, one can say that the Arab states are eager, sometimes almost greedy, in their willingness to accept assistance. Syria has the most pro-Communist government of any of the Middle East states, to all appearances being controlled by a group of left-wing army officers, and Syria has in the past refused all American economic and military aid. Nevertheless President Kuwatly in his recent interview in *United States News and World Report* stated that "if the United States gives us arms and help, we will take them to defend ourselves with. We want to live." And one Syrian newspaper, presumably censored, editorialized that "the Syrian government [by its criticism of American foreign grants] may be snatching away from Egypt a chance which may not happen again. For Egypt now is in need of unconditional and generous assistance."

The Eisenhower stand against Communist aggression in the Middle East, unlike his aid program, has not as yet been generally accepted by the Arab countries. At the time this article is

written (February), Lebanon and Iraq have agreed enthusiastically to the Eisenhower proposals countering Communist military action. King Saud has been quoted as saying that he believes that the Arab world will find the doctrine acceptable if "the points I raised [in Washington] could be clarified to them as they have been to me." Anti-Communist measures taken in Jordan in the last few days lead one to infer that King Hussein has been eager all along to support the Doctrine and that he has merely been waiting for the propitious moment. Perhaps King Saud will be able to persuade Egypt and Syria to fall in line, albeit grudgingly. It is too early to tell.

What are those all-important "points" that were clarified for King Saud in Washington? I believe that they are the same as the questions that the Arab press has raised about the Eisenhower Doctrine; consequently, I have summarized below the comment of a substantial sample of newspaper opinion in this part of the world. Examination of the Arab press is of more than passing interest, for it can not only throw light on the reception of the Eisenhower Doctrine but it can also clarify basic attitudes and help establish the general frame of reference within which most Arabs tend to view foreign affairs.

The dominant tone of Arab editorial comment after the President spoke was questioning. Most of the criticisms voiced in the Arab press hinged not on the things included in the Eisenhower speech but on the things left unsaid. "Why should we Arabs wish American help against so-called Communist aggression?" asked many editors, and their answers followed this general line of reasoning: The Russians have proved their friendship for the Arabs. It was they who provided arms to Egypt, Syria, and Yemen while the West held aloof. It was the USSR which stopped the triple invasion of Egypt when things looked darkest by threats of rocket attacks and offers of Communist volunteers. It was not the United States or the United Nations which ended the Suez affair. "Getting the Soviet out of this part of the world would turn the Middle East again into a scene for Western colonialism." "That the Arabs disagree with the Communists ideologically does not mean that they cannot be friendly to them." "The Arabs may make alliance even with the Devil in

order to protect themselves against a new Hitler in Eton garb."

"Will the United States resist aggression in the Middle East by non-Communist countries? Why was this not mentioned in the President's address?" The Suez episode clearly defined the real aggressors in the Middle East: expansionist Zionism and colonialist Britain and France. There should be no differentiation between various kinds of aggression in the Middle East. The Arabs are therefore "reserved" and "extremely bewildered." "Even now, Israel is in the Gaza Strip and Sinai occupied by force of arms. Will the Eisenhower program be invoked in such a case? . . . If it didn't apply to such cases it would be of no use at all."

"What is all this talk about United States action to fill a vacuum in the Middle East?" A current joke in Arab papers has a Sweet Young Thing saying to her mother: "Alas. I am miserable. There is a vacuum in my life which must be filled." To this lament the mother replies: "Go find yourself an American." More seriously the Arab press says: "We can assure the West that any vacuum in this region will be filled by Arab nationalism." (The use of the word "vacuum" is resented by the Arabs in a way that is difficult for an outsider to understand. The person in the West uses the term in the social scientist's sense of a "condition in which weak countries lack effective defense against external aggression." To him the word has no value connotation. The Arabic translation of "vacuum" is "nothingness," implying that there is "nothing but emptiness." Naturally the Arab is very much aware that there *is* something in the Middle East. It is his home, his land. It is not a void. No Americans are needed to fill it.)

"Why is there so much American talk about Communists in the Arab Middle East?" It is said that there are only three Communist deputies in Arab parliaments. "But is this a crime? Look at France, Italy, and Britain where communism is so strong. Yet instead of sending armed forces to those countries, the United States showered them with dollars."

"Why doesn't the United States eliminate the cause of communism in the Middle East, instead of offering a military doctrine?" "One cannot combat mosquitos simply by destroying them. A better way would be to destroy their breeding nests."

"Communism thrives on things that emanate from two main sources: Zionism and colonialism." (One should note that economic dissatisfaction is not of the same importance here as in some other parts of the world. Imperialism, not the class war, is the more powerful issue.)

"Why does the United States try to get the Arabs to renounce their policy of positive neutrality?" The Eisenhower Doctrine "calls upon the nations of the area . . . to join one of the international camps." "Even if the United States President settles the Palestine question, the Arabs are not ready to join the allies in the war against the Communist camp." "Why does the United States want to push us into the hell of this dispute and for what price?" "Is it not true in actuality that the United States plans to take over the sphere of British and French influence and that is why she wishes to exclude the Communists?" "We know perfectly well that there is no state in the Middle East which works for the Soviets. . . . So the question of the so-called Soviet danger is only a pretext to justify the United States interference in the Middle East and to back Israel." "There is now a new power with an eager ambition to inherit a colonialist empire."

These reactions to the Eisenhower plan reflect the fundamental political, religious, and social divisions in the Middle East. I would estimate that five-sixths of the Arabs view the Eisenhower Doctrine with reservation and even suspicion. The other sixth of the Arabs are more sympathetic to the West, and they are truly alarmed by the growing threat of communism. In this group we find Lebanon (wholeheartedly), Saudi Arabia (King Saud), Iraq (the ruling political group), and certain fractions of the population elsewhere. In general, the Christian minorities, a number of the Westernized intelligentsia and upper middle classes, and the more thoughtful businessmen give a favorable response to the Eisenhower Doctrine. The extreme nationalists, the Moslems and the Arab Liberationists, especially in Egypt, Syria, and Jordan, tend to be in opposition.

The minority of the Arab press which is favorable to the Eisenhower Doctrine does not present balanced analyses of the program as a basis for evaluation any more than does the opposition

press. The favorable comments boil down largely to four considerations: (1) the need for protection by the United States against the immediate danger of communism, (2) the belief that the United States will not infringe on Arab independence and sovereignty, (3) the view that the Arab countries (especially Lebanon) are Western in culture and outlook, and (4) the value of American aid in stimulating regional economic development. One writer held that if the plan worked, it would serve to "re-unite Arab ranks." Other typical quotations from the minority press read like this: "A Precious Chance, Would We Make Use Of It?" "We welcome all efforts to check Communist infiltration. . . . [Communism threatens] the eradication of our civilization and our very existence." The Arab states "should not see behind every word a new plot against them. . . . For neither Eisenhower nor his country has expansionist aims in this area. Like us, all the United States seeks is to see the independence and freedom of the nations of the Middle East safe." "The Middle East's future lies with the West. . . . Since Western civilization, the only civilization becoming of man, is what we adopt here, we are honored to have our future linked with that of the West." "We want America's innocent friendship and encouragement." ". . . this chance of establishing cooperation with the West on a basis that will at one and the same time guarantee the West's interest as well as the continuation of Arab progress. For Arabs can then develop their gigantic resources and become a free and effective international power."

IV

President Eisenhower operates today from a position of moral strength. He has, for the most part, the fundamental respect of the Arab peoples. Mr. Eisenhower's personality and his past actions provide, however, only the *possibility* of developing workable Arab-American relations. The problems the United States faces in the Middle East are of the most difficult order, and the country cannot hope in the near future to be in a position to adopt a comfortable feeling of relaxation regarding the area.

Greatest is the problem of Israel. Until the Arab-Israeli dis-

pute is solved, American-Arab relations cannot be put on a really satisfactory basis. The Arab case against Israel is a strong one, and the growing Arab nationalism never permits one to forget that fact. The Arab feeling is one of irreconcilability to the point of nihilism. The attitude expressed by many Arabs on the day of the Israeli invasion of Sinai illustrates this fact. Their attitude was not one of shock; it was a sort of fatalistic welcome of the Day of Judgment. Said one student: "I am not surprised. I knew this had to come. Let's get it over with. We will end up driving the Israelis into the sea even if it takes millions of our lives and does uncounted damage to our lands." Again, when the offers of Russian "volunteers" were made, most students received it enthusiastically, never counting the cost of a Third World War that would likely ensue.

On the issue of Israel the United States is in a difficult position. We have aided and abetted the "crime of Israel." We cannot disassociate ourselves easily. I doubt that anything less than an American pronouncement calling for the dissolution of Israel, the organized migration of most of its inhabitants to other countries, and the return of Arab refugees to their old homes would fully satisfy the Arabs. But such a pronouncement is almost inconceivable. It would mean public admission by the United States that it was in error in its past policy, and governments do not make such admissions easily. It would also encounter the powerful opposition of World Zionism and other supporters of Israel. And the Israelis, naturally, would not acquiesce gracefully in such a move. The problem of Israel is therefore an intractable one. It constitutes a genuine impasse. The United States can only live with the problem as best it can, hoping that conditions sometime in the future will be more favorable for a solution.

In one respect the United States seems to have improved its ability to cope with Middle Eastern policy: the American government and the American public are today more nearly able to look at Israel in the light of long-run American national interest as simply one more nation and not in the light of the pseudo-liberalism of a few years ago, which held that belief in the rightness of Israel was part of the make-up of every civilized and

humane man. It is now more and more widely recognized that the extraordinary moral prestige of Israel was not built on anything she had done but on the suffering of the Jews prior to 1945. Today the person with a conscience tends to transfer his sympathy to the Arab refugee.

A second problem, but not a secondary problem, facing the United States is the conflict among the Arabs themselves—on matters other than Israel. Foreigners in this part of the world are prone to observe: "If there were not an Israel, one would have to be invented." If a unified Arab nation is ever established, Israel should receive much of the credit. Whatever the sociological reasons may be—and there is much speculation on this point—Arab unity is a negative solidarity against the outsider rather than a close and warm collaboration of insiders. This fact is reflected in the famous Egyptian proverb:

I against my brother.

My brother and I against my cousin.

My brother, my cousin and I against the world.

Arab ranks are split in many directions: by religious differences, by family, by region, by social class, by official position, by wealth, and in other ways.

Current evidence of this fact for this article is a matter of selection, not a matter of discovery. For example, the Arab League even in this time of crisis is not holding any meetings. The bitterness of the Iraqi-Egyptian rivalry for leadership of the Arab world continues. Lebanon affords two further examples. The first is an incident—that is common knowledge in Beirut—in which the Egyptian military attaché to Lebanon provided local extremists with bombs to hurl at British and French banks, clubs, and embassies when Lebanon refused to evict the British during the Suez crisis. The second concerns the current attempts of "sister-state" Syria to throttle the economic life of Lebanon. Syria promulgated rules governing the passage of international aircraft in her air space that for a time practically prevented the aircraft of all countries from landing in Lebanon. The effect was to throw Lebanon's main industry, tourism, into a serious downturn. The British and French, to whom more recent re-

strictions have been applied, have been able to redirect their flights via Turkey without much loss but Arab Lebanon must suffer. Syria has clamped an embargo on the shipment of meat to Lebanon. Syrian police agents have illegally spirited out its citizens who have sought political asylum in Lebanon. No wonder that Dorothy Thompson, President of the American Friends of the Middle East, in speaking to a faculty meeting at the American University of Beirut, suggested that "What is really needed in the Arab world is an 'Arab Friends of the Arabs Society'!"

It is impossible for the United States to develop policies that will please all Arabs. The difficulty of the American position is manifest. For example, it is clear that in its attempts to help this area economically the United States cannot hope for an integrated and comprehensive program of proven worth of the type of the Marshall Plan, since the full cooperation that such an integrated program requires could not be obtained presently among disunited Arab states.

The obstacles America faces here are aggravated by the Russians, who shrewdly exploit all the real and imagined errors of the West. The invidiousness of their tactics and the success they have had in the underdeveloped areas of the world are so well-established as to require no elaboration. The Communists have understood that in the Middle East imperialism, and not the class war, is the potent issue. Until recently the Communists operated in a fool's paradise in the Middle East, for the Arabs were so intent on meeting the enemies they knew—Zionism and colonialism—that they were largely unconcerned about the enemy they did not know—the Communist imperialists.

One truly new and encouraging factor, however, is the recent and sudden recognition by many Arabs that Russia has become a real and immediate threat to their interests. The welcome at first given to the offer of Russian and Chinese "volunteers" to fight side-by-side with the Egyptians has changed in better-informed circles to horror at the thought of how Russian subversion had nearly succeeded and how the Middle East had been brought to the brink of World War III. The event signaling this realization was the Beirut Conference of the heads of Arab states called by President Chamoun of Lebanon immediately after the UN

cease-fire agreement. In my opinion it was the most important post-Suez development in the Middle East. The Beirut newspapers carried accounts only of certain formalities at the Conference; the real news was censored. But shortly after the Conference opened one would hear Lebanese assuring one another that "things are looking better now; World War III is not on us." What had happened? King Saud was the decisive figure. Joining Lebanon and Iraq he put his foot down on the idea of Communist "volunteers." He was able to bridge the gap between the Syrian extremists and the pro-Western groupings. One can see why many Americans in this part of the world wonder whether Mayor Wagner did exactly the right thing in refusing the traditional welcome of the city of New York to the monarch who did more than anyone to keep the Russian "volunteers" out of the Middle East and to prevent World War III.

For the sake of completeness, I should mention what I regard as the most fundamental problem in managing our relationships with the Middle East, although it is of a kind which would require another essay for adequate explanation. Briefly, it is the thesis that instability in this and other underdeveloped regions is fundamentally a problem of cultural conflicts, of an older form of civilization giving way in its patterns to modern industrial civilization. In the transition from one to the other, individuals lose their old values and habits, their old guideposts, without immediately acquiring the security of the new values and habits. Under such conditions personal insecurity and political instability are bound to appear. American policy for the Middle East must take account of the nature of this basic factor.

All of this points to the fact that America can no longer pursue its policies in the Middle East "on the cheap." If she wishes to be successful, America faces the necessity of accepting the painful thought and work that go with real responsibility in the Middle East. The mere gift of money, of "surplus wealth," will not suffice. No easy single solutions are possible. The problems of the area will have to be lived with closely and realistically. The respect for President Eisenhower serves to give America one more opportunity in the Middle East. Let us hope that she has the sober realism to make the most of it.

Four poems

JESSE STUART

COME, GENTLE SNOW

Move closer, fast, dark, storm clouds over earth,
Enfold it in a blanket clean and white;
This time of thaw earth's floor is soft beneath
Our feet and scars unpleasant to our sight.
For many months our mother earth has lain
Under white sheet, beneath a weaker sun,
Until warm winds blew in and brought us rain,
Now streams, down small ravines to valleys run.
In littered yards the tin cans take the eye,
Protective cover does no longer hide
The naked earth under a high blue sky.
Unlike some folk, the snow and grass have pride.
Come, gentle snow, before the winter's over,
Too long away are legions of green grass;
Spread over earth your clean and wholesome cover
To hide with loveliness these scars we pass.

THE UNDEFEATED

Much welcomed Spring betrayed the daffodils
And legions of the grass and fair percoon,
Stream willows and arbutus on the hills;
Beauty has died because spring came too soon.
And we are sick to see the Spring depart,
To have unwelcomed Winter come again.
To see these frozen blooms makes teardrops start,
To hear the howling wind's sing-song refrain
On undefeated earth stirs memories
Of a blighted springtime we would soon forget.
Petals and leaves have shriveled in the freeze
And slender percoon stems are dark as jet!
Arbutus peeps up from a sheet of snow,
Legions of grass stand stiffly in the cold,
Crisp willow fronds claw silver winds that blow
But daffodils flaunt blooms of frozen gold.

ENCHANTED APRIL

Enchanted April we shall see no more
Remained with us awhile but left too soon
After it covered scars on earth's dark floor
With carpets for our eyes and sun and moon.
And where have bright young winds of April gone
Who left their songs embedded in each heart?
Where are wild irises on gray sandstone?
Why do the stems and blossoms now depart?
The rain-washed petals on the dogwood trees,
Starched with the dew, ironed by the morning sun,
Have fallen like rain through eternities
Until each white bough is a barren one.
I'm deeply grieved to see this April pass,
To read its farewell message on the grass.

BE IN A JOYFUL MOOD

Be in a joyful mood and walk with me
Into beginning Spring's cool solitudes
Where streamlets sing so inconsistently
And singing birds are busy in the woods.
All nature now begins to harmonize
Since percoon eases through the deadleaf mold
To flaunt white banners to the windblue skies
In young, strong winds of spring still winter-cold.
The highest mind today is not enough
To celebrate the long awaited Spring
And greet the snowy percoon on the bluff
And watch song sparrows rise and hear them sing.
Our spirits must be high to go and find
Nature's perfection in the flower and tree
And solitude that will inspire the mind
When we are part of all this harmony.

The moral predicament of contemporary man

BERTRAM MORRIS

Although morality is commonly regarded as an affair of obeying commands, I wish to suggest another, and perhaps more important, dimension of morality: the need for achieving a kind of wholeness. The latter is currently suggested by those who see contemporary man as a lost individual, as one of a lonely crowd, as one who finds it increasingly difficult to live with others as well as with himself. They see him as estranged from himself, from society, and from nature; he is not at home in his world. However keen or sensitive he may be, he has become a specialist, a compartmentalist, one who in the endless complexities of life has lost his sense of wholeness. His skills, muscular and intellectual, are developed far beyond anything the world has previously known; but as virtuositities they contribute further to the fragmentation of the world and alienate him all the more from it. The integrity of life is thus lost in its atomization; and through the impact of science and its twin, industrial technology, man has surrendered both his sense of wholeness and his sense of establishing right relationships to others and to nature. In short, he has surrendered his morality to an impersonal, fragmented, and irresponsible world. Why he has surrendered it is not too difficult to see; how he can regain it is the most challenging perplexity of our age. I wish to consider these two questions: first asking what accounts for man's surrender of morality and secondly suggesting some educational principles by which he may hope to regain it.

Basically, what makes morality more difficult of attainment now than ever before is the bigness of our world, together with the horrendous complexities that accompany this bigness. Formerly the world has known big empires from the times of the Pharaohs and the Peruvians, down through the later Greeks and Romans,

to the modern English. Yet these empires were primarily a function of military rule or of a military rule employed to support commercial activities. Complicated as they were, they were never so complicated as, say, the organization of such a corporation as American Telephone and Telegraph. Yet because many of our notions of morality come down to us from the comparatively simple world of the eighteenth century, we are not accustomed to thinking about morality in our own world in a way appropriate to its present-day, complex structure.

From the eighteenth century we inherited an intellectual and cultural tradition in which man was regarded as being directly confronted with nature. His struggle to overcome difficulties or to bend nature to his will was a more or less immediate affair between him and it. Accordingly, man was considered to be an economic man, or a prudential man, or a moral man, depending on whether he was independently capable of utilizing the natural laws of the market, displaying practical wisdom about things, or of recognizing moral laws (themselves interestingly enough called "laws of nature") in order to satisfy his will. Eighteenth-century man considered himself wise if he could acknowledge the unchanging laws of supply and demand and enter the market in order to make a profit in accordance with these laws. He had practical wisdom if he could decipher physical laws and use them in order to create artifacts to satisfy his needs and delights. He had moral wisdom if he could achieve his ends without defying fair play, decency, and common honesty in his treatment of his fellow men.

This simple view of morality had as one of its most eloquent spokesmen the Englishman John Locke. Locke believed that all a man had to do to accumulate private property was to mix his labor with the bountiful resources that God has provided. By the process of gathering nuts or acorns they became his property. Or again, by preparing the soil, planting seed, cultivating the sprouts, and harvesting crops—all done by means of primitive hand-labor—he made the produce indisputably his. This was certainly a worthy conception to the extent that it described the facts of life, but it seems to describe them today only to a small extent. Locke's notion of property, for example, is a far cry from

that involved in the acquisition of packaged goods at the supermarket or, even farther, from that involved in the purchase of an automobile on the installment plan. In Locke's view a single person is responsible for the total process of converting natural resources into consumable goods, and in so doing he is a whole person in a complete transaction. In the modern view, however, many are responsible for the total process, and they are regarded as laborers, sellers, or consumers, and the like, rather than as persons.

The essential difference between the eighteenth and the twentieth century is the difference between a man's being *immediately* confronted with nature and his being *mediately* related to it through the intervention of the machine. This difference is one that points to the truism that modern man's predicament is to live in a complex, industrial society. Yet, one might insist, since morality pertains to one's inner being, the difference between an agricultural and an industrial society is superficial and irrelevant to human morality. I would counter that this is not so, and for the reason suggested above, namely, that the wholeness of life is lost in the industrial process. This occurs to such an extent that the producer as a machine-tender in industry is seldom able even to repair, let alone to produce, the machine he uses. In other words, he loses touch with the very processes by which he is related to nature. Thomas Jefferson certainly had a keen eighteenth-century intuition in insisting that the good life could be lived only on the land and not in the city. The city with its industry, its specialization, and its disjoining of the natural rhythms of life makes morality tenuous. In it man has even come to lose control over life to such a point that today's critical question is whether modern man is mature enough to live at all, let alone whether he can live well.

Morality is clearly a matter for adults, for mature beings—not for infants, for idiots, or for fiends. There is good reason why modern man finds inspiration in going back to classical Greek civilization. The Greeks of the Age of Pericles could build cities and temples and market-places; they could create statues and paintings and plays, comic and tragic; they could devise mathematics and science and philosophy; they perfected the prac-

tical arts better than any people before them; and, above all, they had a profound respect for man. And all of these they wove into a viable culture, to create a pattern of harmony and of courage, of justice and of nobility. Except for some brief periods in the Renaissance, it is questionable whether any people quite achieved the maturity to be found in classical Greek life, even though there were features of it, among which was slavery, that we would not be likely to approve today.

Contemporary life might well emulate the spirit of Greek life; certainly it could not, and should not, imitate Greek practices. This is because contemporary life is industrial, and as such, it must create its own kind of morality or else return to a primitive kind of romanticism by annihilating the machine, and with it the whole of modern civilization that has been built upon it. To emulate the spirit of Periclean Athens is enough: it is to aim at the wholeness of life in which there is a balance among the various needs of man which may be expressed without frustrating or starving other equally urgent and indispensable human demands. Our quarrel with most of the prevailing "isms" arises from the fact that they magnify a single necessity of life out of all proportion to the others. Industrialism, militarism, nationalism, romanticism, intellectualism—each involves a form of activity which, no matter how necessary, is never so necessary as to justify the exclusion or complete subordination to it of all other forms of activity. The prevalence of an "ism" is totalitarian in that it squeezes other activities into distorted, and even contorted, shapes. Our curse today is specialism; inevitably, it leads us into forms of gigantism that Justice Brandeis spoke of as the "curse of bigness." We need not—surely, we cannot—deny the manifest virtues that come from specialism, for ever since the time of Adam Smith we have been impressed by the fact that twelve men working together making pins can make many more than twelve times the number of pins that each man can make working separately. Yet however sophisticated we become by turning specialist, we inevitably lose a sense of maturity by our failure to cope with the manifold urgencies of human life.

Because of their fine development of specialized industry, Americans are often criticized as materialistically minded people.

There is, of course, much truth in such a criticism, and there is undoubtedly in it a touch of envy on the part of those who either have not reaped the fruits of industry or who have not reaped them to the high degree that we have. The real question that confronts us, however, is what is wrong with materialism? The usual answer is that it destroys man's spiritual life; but there is a better, and simpler, answer: materialism destroys life itself. The sacrifice of man's life to his material well being is too high a price to pay. A compulsion to satisfy bodily wants to the exclusion of other hungers is a frenzied activity dictated by a merciless power and deaf to the legitimate demands of reason.

Life does, of course, ask for material comforts; it is important for man to be well fed, well clothed, and well housed. Man needs these creature comforts to be sure; in fact, *every man*, American or not, needs them just because they are so good. A man needs them, however, because of what they do for him and for his self-respect, and not because of the superiority or power they may give him over others. The latter rest upon "invidious" distinctions, distinctions which are simply forms of envy or of pure snobbery, and as such have from Biblical times to the present been known as a mark of immorality. If material goods are good (and surely they are), and if they are good for everyone (and surely they are), then morality would seem to require us to recognize that they are good for the *community* of men and not just for man in isolation and apart from the well being of others.

The view that morality is a function of the life of the community is not new; it goes back at least as far as the covenant society of Biblical times. Plato and Aristotle, St. Augustine and St. Thomas, Hobbes and Rousseau, John Ruskin and John Dewey—each has in his own way regarded morality as belonging to the very texture of social life. Individual agents there must be, and individual responsibility is an indispensable part of morality. But individual agents can be responsible only because life exists in a context of effective action, and action is effective only when man has knowledge of nature and when he has sentiments appropriate to guide his use of it. In the Victorian language of Ruskin, morality is brought about through the joint work of the

hand, the head, and the heart. The absence of any of those factors leads inevitably to moral failure.

The new view of morality was ushered in by science and technology. The growing interest in nature, the invention of gunpowder and the printing press made feudalism and its way of life obsolete. Since man was compelled to seek for new ways of doing things, one may say with reason that the Industrial Revolution occurred as a direct consequence of the Renaissance; that is to say, the Industrial Revolution was prefigured in the secularization of the world through naturalism and the acknowledgment of science. The introduction of machine technology in the nineteenth century made not merely for the further development of capitalism but ultimately for industrialism with its attendant qualities of crowded cities, dirt, slums, crime, and delinquency, to speak only of some of the uglier features of industrial and urban life. On the positive side, it is true that man learned to make things with infinitely less effort, and even the relatively poor were capable of enjoying luxuries far surpassing the wildest dreams of man who lived in the age before the Industrial Revolution.

The sophistication that man gained in his knowledge of the physical world and in his ability to fabricate things left him, however, with little respect for nature. In his use of coal and iron to achieve his ends, he ripped open wide seams in nature and deforested its mountains, causing erosion and the catastrophic floods that followed. He ravished the resources of nature, leaving considerable segments of it in a state of depletion and exhaustion.

Man's treatment of man was, and continues to be, scarcely on a higher plane than his treatment of nature. He engages in ruthless competition at home and abroad. When domestic markets are exhausted, he moves on to unmerciful exploitation of resources of non-westernized peoples. And to maintain his position of dominance he does not hesitate to engage in violent warfare to realize his purposes. His joys are childish, wild, and completely dissociated from the common humanity from which he takes his rise. His sense of apartness and aloneness are everywhere evident from his economic theories to his literature and to his tawdry and sensational amusements, including multitudinous forms of erotic debasement. His emotional growth is stunted by his mastery of

technical processes and especially his manipulations of man himself, the acme of which is expressed in the embodiment of unabashed irrationalism in the fascist state. From Prometheus, the savior of mankind, he has turned to Vulcan, the destroyer of mankind, including himself.

Those who have sensed the predicament of modern man frequently look to our educational institutions as a way out. If there is a way out, education would seem to be the most promising, because either it produces radical changes or it is nothing at all. Ruskin expressed this well when he said, "You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not." If education does not change the very stuff of human nature, its worth can be nothing more than that of the polishing of the surface of a thing, whose center neither receives nor reflects any light. The refraction which is necessary to the educational process is one which breaks up the influences that impinge upon it and returns them in a form converted by a human person. What goes by the name of education today seldom does this.

As a matter of fact when we look to our schools, we find the dilemmas that confront man in the world at large are duplicated in the cosier but equally fragmented world of education. The schools, and especially the universities, are more and more succumbing to the pressures to prepare young people for making a living and less and less for exploring what the business of life is. We are serious about what we call preparation for life, while at the very moment life slips through our fingers. Curiously enough, it is the joys of the present enhancement of life, the joys of living and growing, which young people might experience and which constitute the basis for authentic education that they are foregoing in the name of some spurious future and shapeless end that may never come into being. The loss is a double one—in the present and in the future, too.

The loss is earmarked in education by an overwhelming emphasis on vocationalism. The errors of this emphasis have been called to our attention by numerous critics, and from points of view as

varied as those of Robert Maynard Hutchens, Bertrand Russell, and John Dewey. Vocationalism is wrong partly because it is foolishly hazardous but mostly because it is irrelevant. In Hutchens' language we teach tricks of the trade which are no longer tricks and which no longer belong to the trade, because what we teach is at least one generation behind the times. But vocationalism actually incurs an even more egregious error: it reduces man's effectiveness in his world rather than increasing it. It trains him to become a kind of supermechanical robot, which, however complicated and responsive, is nevertheless insensitive to changing needs and to the work of the creative imagination. By engendering skills, it comes to ignore both the intellectual sources which gave rise to it and the ends which gave it relevance.

Vocationalism will, I suppose, never be without an appeal. Its appeal is to impulse, to action, to accomplishment, to fulfillment. It represents a protest against intellectualism or the contemplative life, on the one hand, and against aestheticism or the life of consuming emotions, on the other. Bold and activist, it will always have an irresistible pull for those who love action for the sake of action. Yet, as we have already noted, action for its own sake leads to the most cruel kind of irrationalism. Lacking in reason and untempered by mature and humane sentiment, it degrades man to an instinctive level that fails to put much of a distinction between him and his clawing brothers of the animal kingdom. The justifiable strength of vocationalism should derive from the more original sense of a vocation—a *calling*—for man. Such a vocation is human instead of fanatical, and engenders dignity instead of depravity. It is, moreover, inseparable from liberal education.

The function of a liberal education is to elevate man to a status of dignity, for in releasing his human powers it liberates the human spirit. Alfred North Whitehead remarked indirectly on an essential aspect of this when he wrote, "Sensitiveness without impulse spells decadence, and impulse without sensitiveness spells brutality." I would add that either impulse or sensitiveness without intellect spells impotence, for without the support of knowledge man has no more control over nature and himself than an imbecile would have. Authentic integrity comes about precise-

ly by the convergence of thought, of feeling, and of action. When each is taken separately it induces the inadequacies of intellectualism, aestheticism, and utilitarianism, respectively.

In the educational world these inadequacies show themselves in the separations that have come about through the rivalries of the various disciplines. The intellectualists support the sciences as the only worthy disciplines; the aesthetes, the humanities; and the utilitarians, engineering and the practical arts. The confusion is further compounded by the broad-minded administrator who would support the virtues of each and then would add for good measure a fourth—general education. In recognizing the virtues of general education, one at least comes to a recognition of the unsatisfactoriness of the disjointing of the several disciplines. In correcting the evil, however, the tendency is to emphasize *general* at the expense of *education*, which itself is certainly lofty enough.

He who would write about the predicament of modern man and his education has no doubt a responsibility for suggesting a way out. Part of the dilemma is whether one can be genuinely constructive or whether in making "constructive proposals," one does not turn out to be recommending some ill-advised panaceas. A curriculum designed to the end of forming moral beings is only one step short of a design for a genuine culture, and unfortunately genuine cultures do not come about by design but only through multitudinous and complex factors that are beyond the control of any individual, committee, bureau, faction, or even a majority. Culture cannot be legislated for, coerced, cajoled, or decreed. If it comes about at all, it is through the conjunction of circumstance and fundamental human agreements and insights which facilitate the endless humanizing and civilizing processes by which a people achieve simultaneously the following cultural ends: first, sensitive and viable relationships to one another, secondly, a satisfactory control over the forces of nature, and, finally, a creative genius which enlightens the complexities and which challenges the interstitial components of life itself. However important the role that education may play in all this, it has serious limitations. Some of its outlines may nevertheless be lightly sketched.

If the requirements of education are those which evolve essentially from the requirements of morality and if morality is

achieved in the seamless web by which man is related to man and to nature through the head, the heart, and the hand, then the humanizing or liberalizing of education is primarily a matter of seeking ways of relating the sciences, the humanities, and the practical arts. To humanize the sciences is not to decrease one whit the rigorousness of scientific investigation, including both its inductive and deductive techniques. On the contrary, it is to make it even more rigorous by insistence upon and realization of the elegance, the aesthetic characteristics, of science as well as the elegance of its consequences. Science thrives in human inquiry, not in a void. The fact that the practical arts are so inextricably intertwined with the sciences appears so obvious that one wonders how they could possibly have come to be disjointed. Granted that the intellectual aspects of science possess their own unique character, yet to lose sight of the context in which science flourishes and becomes a part of authentic culture is to create a vacuum which invites the exploiters of science to use it to destroy rather than to enhance cultural values. The potentialities of science becoming the liberator of mankind must ultimately be sought in the institutional life of man, and education performs its distinctive role only to the extent that it leads us to realize what these potentialities are and what we may do about them.

When engineering and the practical arts are cut off from their scientific ties and their humanizing purposes, they too can only be exploited by special interest or pressure groups for ends that are contrary to principles of honesty, health, and kindly human intercourse. Power is substituted for fundamental agreements, profits are augmented at the expense of public service, and privacy and secrecy are encouraged at the cost of responsibility and enlightenment. What engineering and the practical arts can and should learn from the fine arts is that all true expression is the conversion of the private and subjective into the public and communicable. The artist converts his private intuition into the creation of a thing—structured, criticized, and informed. His stamp is in his work of art, and it is there for all who have the will to perceive, to enjoy, and thus to grow intellectually, emotionally, and socially. The artist's glory lives in his work; the "practical artist," however, is too often anonymous, uncelebrated, and emasculated. His work

is taken from him without the stamp of his personality ever appearing in it. As a middleman, both his intellectual and his artistic life are truncated.

Likewise, the humanist and those devoted to the fine arts can flourish only as they seek their natural ties with the realities of the world in which they live. The formalists, the cubists, the purists, the creators of arabesques—in the contemporary jargon of the painter, the “non-objectivists”—live in a rarefied atmosphere that inevitably dries up the sources of their own inspiration. To spin out forms unrelated to the bread-and-meat existence of man, unrelated to the air he breathes, the earth on which he walks, the songs he sings, and the tools and machines he uses, is to make art into bloodless shapes enjoyable only by a purity of emotion found in angels beyond life's sweat, tears, and laughter. Purism and formalism there will always be, for the economy of art demands purification and formalization, but unless the forms are the idioms of the artist who transmutes realities into shapes that are sustained by the world from which they come and to which they give renewed power and altered attitudes for returning to it and seeing it through enlarged vision, then art is a paltry thing, an irresponsible luxury. To prevent irresponsibility, the artist had better live close to the engineer, absorbing his sense of activity and virility, as well as close to the scientist in order to learn something of the elegance of structure in nature. In doing so, the artist gives substance to his art, just as the scientist and the engineer who are hospitable to art give form to their activities by achieving a kind of beauty similar to that which the artist achieves. Taking together these various facets of life, the essence of authentic education becomes the amalgamation of thought and action and sensitivity.

The education for which we consequently make our plea is moral education—the education of the whole man—since this is the only kind one can justify. For immorality we do not need to educate; for supermorality we cannot educate. The rightful function of education is still as it has always been: for man to find himself in his world. I have tried to state the principles involved; the practice can only be achieved by a whole people in consort.

PROGRESS OF ERROR

By GILBERT THOMAS

An ancient friar, so it is said,
Preaching on God's great providence,
Pointed to town and stream outspread
Below, and asked his hearers whence

If not from All-Wise thought and care
Could come the striking miracle
That, where a city is found, you there
Will find a river for ships as well.

The pious, ignorant old fool,
Thus standing truth upon its head!
Ask the child in a modern school
To swallow that! He drinks instead

The new enlightenment: until—
Wonder and worship kept quite dry
For man's own sovereign power and skill—
He puts the jet before the sky.

Two poems

JOHN ACKERSON

CRUISER "MIKUMA" DIES AT MIDWAY

We run, and foul our shield, yet have no peace;
The wan-skinned pilots leap on us at dawn;
Our war-cry fails as one by one must cease
Bent, blasted guns in colors puce and fawn,
Pleasing dimmed eyes that never shall grow bright
Nor widen to the maples in brocade;
This dragon halts as big with noonday light
The ocean gapes; his final bed is made;
At one o'clock the pale fiends charge again;
Midship the fell bomb strikes; we burst apart;
And as our fate grips poor unworthy men
We hear the rift of a strong nation's heart;
We list, black ashes veil our tarnished shield;
Our thick blood stains a vast, deserted field.

MOONRISE

She comes, our gentle Artemis,
Comes brightly printing mile by mile,
On little waves that lift and smile
And heave us from the vast abyss.

For modest maiden she climbs fast
A kingpost buff and shiny black
To arc upon the garish stack
The profile of the radar mast.

Dropped beat

ELIZABETH SIBARY

Emerald Wilson sank back heavily on the faded chintz of the overstuffed chair and answered the phone.

"Hullo?"

"Bix? Well how you been, man, how—"

Across the room Mrs. Jackson's lean black face turned scowling to the floorboards. Emerald, watching her scowl, laughed spitefully into the phone.

"—no sugar talk, no, you save that, man—" She glanced at Mrs. Jackson. For a vacant second they stared at each other. Emerald laughed again, voluminous and piping.

"Hold on, Baby," she heard him say now into the phone. "I gotta git the door. Jus' hold on."

She waited, resting her ear against the phone. In the peeling bassinet she heard the baby stir, then Mrs. Jackson shifting on the sofa.

Lord, why don't she go, Emerald thought. Meddling ole bitch, come snooping around. And I ain't even dressed. She pulled the robe together over her knees.

It was that, the robe, that had first caught Mrs. Jackson's eye, half an hour ago, when Emerald let her in the door. And it was early afternoon. But she had come to talk about Metty.

"Ain't right, Mis Wilson, Metty ain't in Sunday School," and then she had perched herself on the edge of the sofa. "Now Lincoln too young, but Metty gonna be six, and like she big for her age she ought to be in Sunday School."

"Learns 'em wholesome life, Miz Wilson. Learns 'em hope."

Sitting like a poker she was, on the edge of the sofa. *Smiling so polite, like she done you a favor, clean and pure, wed up proper, god a'mighty, sitting there with her belly slunk in. . . .*

"She don't need no fussing," Emerald had finally answered. "She do all right." She had turned her back to Mrs. Jackson, staring out the window where the bodies of myriad children jackknifed

on the train tracks in the pavement. And that was still before the phone had rung.

Learns 'em hope, she had whispered to herself with a flush of guilt. *There's good niggers and there's bad niggers. Her paw never had no time for bad niggers.* Leaning on the window frame, then, she had closed her eyes, remembering.

Back in Alabama it stayed hot into the evening and all night long, and she on Darwin Simpson's lap, with the others around, the heat like a hot wet rag on their faces. And over her head the swollen chant of her father's voice. *Hope, honest hope . . . Mark a labor . . . Sound a bugles . . .* But it was hope got him a knife in his back, bloody and still when they found him in the brush along the road. On his way home. And then her mother sent them back to the house, and all night long she sat by his side but they could hear her wailing, and in the morning when she came up the path her skin was almost white. "We honest niggers," she said. "They killed your paw but they ain't never touched his soul." And that morning she got her knife and buried it in the back yard. "I like to kill them bastards killed your paw. But I scared for my soul."

"Sure, boy, sure," she said now, at the sound of his voice in the phone again.

Mrs. Jackson was shuffling to her feet. Smiling awkwardly, she motioned to the door. Emerald nodded and waved, dropping her arm back to the pink satined lap as the door closed behind the woman.

"See you tonight. Eight or nine. Sure." She listened for a moment to the dial tone. Then she put the phone down, softly.

In the kitchen a pan clattered to the floor. Metty threw herself into the room, followed by Lincoln, his lips distorted, his eyes filled with tears.

"Hush now, both a you." She struggled out of the chair. "You, Metty, give him what you got belong to him." Clucking softly, she bent over the boy. In the bassinet the baby whined. Suddenly she pushed the boy away.

"Run long now. Like good chillren. Run long outside and play."

She watched them down the stairs. Then, shuffling to the kitchen, she found a bottle and filled it with milk.

Now in the easy chair, she cradled the struggling infant on her lap. Its lips, searching the air, touched the nipple and pursed convulsively around it. And then she felt its weight go limp across her thighs.

Unbending now, she rested her head on the back of the chair. She could hear the children on the street, and in their shouts the fluid softness of the southern tongue. Here, in the room, was quiet, but for the infant sucking on her lap. Softly she began to sing, from the back of her throat, low and undulant.

Dat ole debbil
Ain't gonna git me yet—

She paused and began again.

—ain't gonna get me yet
I got my hand to da ground
Mark a labor on my palm
Sound a bugles from da sky
Acrosst my heart.

Now she closed her eyes, thinking back.

And in the spring, when the air was sticky with the smell of tobacco flower, she walked past the field to the house. And there, inside, her mother was cleaning greens, bent over the pail with her back bones hunching through her dress. Her head all over like ashes. And when she turned her sunken eyes then, you could see that she knew already.

"I gonna leave, Maw. I gonna leave 'Bam. And then I ain't never coming back."

Staring at you then, her face like wood. Wiping her long fingers off on her apron. "You going off to the city, ain't you? That what you thinking, ain't you?"

"I going far away from 'Bam."

And then her eyes were burning cigaret holes into your face. "You dies in the city. You rots away. Rots away in your insides. And then you got no soul lef' either. You jus' dead and rotten. Soul and all you dead."

The last of the milk had pooled in the nipple. Bleary-eyed, the infant spewed the nipple out. A drop of milk from the tilted bottle trickled across her wrist.

Now again she heard her mother wailing. The night they found her father in the brush. You wail for the dead. The death song is a thin and naked wail. Suddenly she picked the baby off her lap and set it back in the bassinet. She lit a cigaret and blew out the smoke. Then she laughed uneasily.

At the mirror she moved her fingers slowly down her cheek, drooping one shoulder till her breasts showed swelling brown inside the satin folds. Now with narrowed eyes she smiled petulantly at herself. *Crazy damn ole bitch, come snooping around. . . .* She smoothed the rusty frizz around her face. "Worry me with her crazy talk. Well I ain't gonna fret about it. Ain't no reason I got to fret about it."

And later with the children asleep and Bix beside her on the sofa, she laughed at herself, softly. Listening for the last half hour to the sound of his voice, to the throbbing of the victrola, she had begun to feel again familiar to herself.

Through half-closed eyes she watched him sitting forward off the sofa, elbows dug into his knees, like rubber his shoulders swaying with the music. Now his rayon shirt caught up the motion, rippled hypnotically in a time of its own. She laughed again.

"Man, I had the crazy blues." She tapped his knee with her empty glass. "Like was I glad to see you."

"Likker's in the kitchen," she said as he rose with her glass.

Sinking back on the sofa, she pursed her lips, humming, listening to the music.

Now he was back with her drink, laughing down at her, white-toothed and jaunty. She smiled, pulling him down beside her, and dropped her head on his shoulder. Taking his hand, she blew quietly into the basin of his palm.

The victrola began to hum.

"Leave it be," she said. He was already on his feet. Now the heavy throbbing filled the room again.

She sat up quickly, hissing. "Turn it down, man! Why you wanna wake the chillren up?"

"Easy, easy." He whirled around, half-stopped, rubbing his palms together. "Ree-ul music, Baby! Listen at it, Baby!"

"Turn it—"

"Maw?"

Bix stiffened.

"Now see what you done!" Emerald cried.

"Maw?" Metty stumbled toward them, rubbing her eyes. She stopped at the sight of Bix and began to twist at her petticoat.

"Run long back to bed, chile," Emerald said.

Metty stared at Bix.

"Honey chile," Bix said, "you come to join the party?"

"C'mon, honey." Bix dropped to his knee. "I'm Bix. You call me Bix. You come to join the party?"

"She come to break it up, that's what," Emerald said. "But she gonna do like I tole her and git back to bed."

"Maw?" Metty began to pick at her petticoat again. "Maw, I scared."

"What you scared of?"

"Lincoln."

"He fast asleep."

"He breathing funny. Seems like his breathing coming down the hall to git me."

"He fast asleep beside you."

Metty shook her head. "Seem like when the music play I can't tell. Like I can't tell if he beside me, 'cept I hear his breathing coming clompy-clomping down the hall."

"Ain't nobody breathe like that." She picked up her drink. "You run long back to bed like a nice chile," she said, cajoling now. "Come tomorrow, I take you down to the park. You see."

Whining, the victrola drawled to a stop. Emerald rose and wound it up again. As the music swelled, Metty stepped backward, pivoting suddenly on her toes.

Bix slapped his knees. "She gonna dance for us, Emmie. Ain't you, honey?"

Metty stopped and hung her head.

"Come on, honey. Do it again."

Slowly her face turned up, her large eyes shy on him now.

"Lessee you dance," he coaxed.

She pushed her foot out slowly. Then she giggled.

"C'mon, honey," he said.

Emerald began to smile. "Aw right," she said, "you gotta show off, you go ahead. Then you do like I tole you, git back to bed."

Metty giggled again. Raising her arms, she began to twirl unsteadily. Then she stopped, tilting her head to the music. Suddenly she shot her arms above her head, black toes spinning, her body like a top, the ruffled hem of her petticoat whipping back against her thighs.

"Look a that!" Bix cracked his hands together. "Look a her go!"

The child came to a panting stop, her face flushed, her eyes glassy at the sound of praise. Then she began again, this time slowly, stretching one arm, writhing her shoulders, keeping her bare feet firm against the floor.

Watching her now, Emerald flushed. She sat up stiffly on the sofa.

"Take a look a that!" Bix hunched forward on the floor. "Now she seen you do that, Emmie." He cackled suddenly, clapping. "She gonna be like you, Emmie. Gonna be jus' like her maw."

Emerald started. She leaned forward, her nostrils flaring, her eyes narrowed. The vessels beat visibly now in the base of her throat.

"Look her wiggle her hips!" He drummed his yellow fingers on his knees. "Like ree-ul stuff. Ree-ul stuff, Baby."

His eyes were on the child, his lips hung open. Now he hissed softly.

"S-sss," Metty repeated. Whirling, hands back of her waist, she stopped in front of him and began to shimmy. And then he howled, full and sharp. Like the blade of a knife. Emerald heaved to her feet.

His pale brown face swung around to her. The grin died quickly on his lips.

"You goddamn bastard nigger!"

He slunk back slowly. "What git into you, woman?"

"Why you wanna come messing around my place? Why you think you kin come messing around with me any ole time you like?"

He stared at her slit-eyed. Slowly he wiped his lips.

"Git out a here," she whispered. "You git out a here, you yella-skinned bastard!" Now she could see the blanched-out white of his knuckles. She groped for the ashtray beside her.

And then, like a wary cat, he was on his feet, springing to the

dropped beat

door. Pulling it open, he whirled around. For a moment they looked at each other. Suddenly he laughed, quietly. "Baby, baby. Craziest nigger I ever seen."

He ducked into the hallway, pushing his face back through the door. Now his laughter crackled through the room. "Baby, when you feeling y'self agin, you give me a ring. Next time you lone-some for ole Bix boy, you gimme a ring."

"Git out! Git out a here—" She slammed the door, leaning on it, trembling, listening to her heart thud dully on the wood. Behind her Metty began to sob.

Slowly she dropped to her knees, huddling on the floor, covering her face with her hands. Metty crawled into her lap, pressing a small wet face against her breast. She slipped her arms around the child. "Hush, chile. Sssh." Closing her eyes she began to rock, slightly, back and forth.

The child stirred against her, faintly, as if inside her, still unborn. Relaxing, she felt her breath come easily again. Bravely now, she began to croon.

—got my hand to da ground
Mark a labor on my palm
Sound a bugles from da sky
Acrosst—

The child gasped, once, twice, dry sobs, her head sunk heavy into Emerald's breast.

—Sound a bugles from da sky
Acrosst my heart—

At last the child slept, breathing quietly against her. She sat alone then, staring at the shadows.

Now she remembered the smell of the tobacco flower. Then, in the evening when they opened, you could smell them all the way to the house. Sitting on the steps you could smell them, honey-sweet and pure.

Suddenly now, in the womb-like safety of the dark, she lifted her face, listening.

From the back of her throat the sound began. Welling upward on her tongue, breaking through her lips in an undulant whine. The naked wail, the song of mourning, thin and hollow and long. Now for herself, for today and tomorrow.

SNAPSHOTS FROM ATLANTIS

By WILLARD MARSH

Through canyons and crevices of sleep,
Seeing again the softened hills emerge:
Their sea-gardened trunks,
The rouged and robined meadows.

The latticed eye returns to the mirror-cold hall
Where the clock, dead in its long bones, faces
The lawn, and the siphoned wishing-well.

Or how in the barreled dark, by lanternfall,
You followed your father's ghost (you carrying
The rifle partway) into old October's smokey lens—
And the resonant blood remembering,
As that frog-thickened night
Once more comes riding through the darkened bone.

Hemingway's moment of truth

MARTIN STAPLES SHOCKLEY

As long ago as 1933 Clifton Fadiman called Hemingway "an American Byron." Perhaps more than any author of our time, Hemingway has achieved in the popular mind the stature of the Byronic hero. His personal life of high romance and adventure, dabbling in revolution, flaunting social convention, has contributed to this image. More important than the Hemingway personal myth, however, is the Hemingway hero, popularly represented as a "tough guy," the literary projection of the author's personality.

As recently as October, Joseph Wood Krutch repeated this old canard. In the Sixtieth Anniversary issue of the *New York Times Book Review* (Oct. 7, 1956) Krutch says that Hemingway represents life "as essentially meaningless and essentially valueless. Sometimes, at least, he seems to be implying that there is no escape from the realization of overwhelming emptiness except while one is satisfying the two strongest animal instincts—which he seems to take to be the desire for sexual intercourse and the desire to kill." Krutch should know better.

The Hemingway hero must be understood in relation to the conditions under which he lives. Hemingway writes of war and violence because he lives in a world of war and violence—we all do. The world that Hemingway knows is a world in which violence and war have come to be accepted. Although some of us, still thinking wishfully, refuse to recognize this fact between wars, Hemingway's representation of the world of modern man is neither forced nor exaggerated. Even we sheltered Americans, while revolution flares on four continents around us, balance our precarious peace beneath the shadow of the mushroom clouds.

Recognizing the conditions of modern life, man must learn first to discard the old conventions. Values which have been tested and proved in a stable, peaceful society no longer serve in Hemingway's (and our) world. Reliance on those trusted virtues of

capitalism—industry, thrift, and shrewd investments—becomes pathetically preposterous. Similarly, such abstractions as “patriotism” and “honor” seem almost obscene among the realities of combat.

The Hemingway hero knows this; knowing it is the first requisite of the Hemingway code of virtue: one is completely honest. He sees and accepts the world as it is, neither longing for a better nor pitying himself for his misfortune. He is a realist; yet from realism develops his own idealism, his code of virtuous conduct.

From looking life in the eye, comes the second virtue: unflinching courage. One must know that life is violent and cruel, and must meet it. He cannot meet it on the old terms, trusting in the traditional virtues of a lost society. He discards the encumbrances of the old peacetime values, not because he wishes to, but because he must.

His courage is physical as well as intellectual. First, he has the intellectual honesty to accept his own existence as precarious; second, he has the intellectual courage to face death without qualm. But he does not seek death. Both of these qualities, honesty and courage, are essential to his survival.

Related to these because it also is essential to his survival is the third virtue: skill. Different individuals possess different skills, yet each is a competent technician in his own work. His special skill may be catching marlin, driving an ambulance, dynamiting a bridge; it is characteristically a skill which demands both courage and self-control. The Hemingway hero survives and realizes his value in relation to society through the exercise of a high degree of technical skill.

Here we find another example of acceptance and rejection based upon realism and honesty. There is no nonsense about “sport.” Hemingway is thoroughly professional, and his heroes have the same attitude toward their craft that he has toward his. Amateurs are silly fools, relics of the old society; they cannot (and do not) survive in Hemingway’s world (Wilson and Macomber, for example, in “The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber”).

These first three are the elementary and indispensable virtues of survival. Beyond these are others which represent not merely personal qualities but human relations, the distinction between

living and living well. Granted that survival is itself difficult; according to the Hemingway code, the good life is based first upon surviving in a precarious world, then upon living as well as one can in such a world.

The fourth virtue is similar to the first yet different. To honesty, that is to strict and uncompromising intellectual integrity, is now added a quality which must be manifest in all personal relations: sincerity. One does all the acts of personal relationships *truly*. There can be no pretense, no sham; only contemptible characters profess emotions which they do not feel, and characteristically are exposed as frauds when they do. Insincerity characterizes the amateur; the professional despises it; the Hemingway code demands sincerity without evasion or qualification.

From sincerity develops the fifth virtue: loyalty, which is always limited to a small group, never bestowed upon institutions. Comradeship may exist among a tight little group of nationals in a foreign country, as in *The Sun Also Rises*; or it may, and often does, transcend boundaries of nationality, race, creed. Strong men unerringly recognize one another. The Hemingway hero is completely and unswervingly loyal to his comrades, but his loyalty is the loyalty of comrades in arms, of men who know that the survival of all depends upon the performance of each, that all are as one.

This loyalty is distinct from any sappy sentimentality about humanitarianism and brotherhood. It recognizes that most men are deluded fools, cannon fodder, buzzard bait. Yet the Hemingway hero characteristically offers or sacrifices himself for the good of others, others who more often than not neither understand nor value the sacrifice. The hero's actions are never motivated by expectations of gratitude. He asks no reward. He gets none. Mankind is unworthy of loyalty, which is reserved strictly for those few who prove themselves worthy. This group is composed of those who know, who have suffered, who understand. Social distinctions are, of course, absurd; colonel and elevator boy carry the wounds which unite them beyond the comprehension of crass civilians.

Such feelings are true, but unexpressed. No Hemingway hero emotes. It is this sixth virtue of stoicism which has led to the mis-

interpretation of the "tough guy." These men are tough only in that they have learned restraint, discipline, the highest measure of self-control. They feel keenly; indeed, they are truly perceptive and sensitive, artists as well as skilled craftsmen. But they know that there is no place in their lives for the unbuttoned lip, for slopping over. They may drown their sorrows in liquor, but they drip no tears into their drinks.

They are stoic for the same reason that they are honest and courageous and sincere: they must be. In a sheltered society one might indulge his feeling of pity for the fallen sparrow; in Hemingway's world one faces rape, torture, death as natural events. The reins of self-control must always be held tight.

But stoicism does not preclude the seventh, the final virtue: compassion. These tight-lipped tough guys know the conditions of survival, understand that one must live as one can. Through knowledge and understanding they experience that combination of love and pity which their comrades (all damned together) feel toward them. This is a shared emotion, derived from common knowledge, common experience. Like loyalty, it is reserved for those who deserve it and are capable of reciprocating it.

Beyond the special compassion one feels toward one's comrades (the wounded, the crippled, the maimed, the outcast), there is a barrier of restraint which precludes friendship; yet Hemingway's heroes recognize the condition of the poor damned human race, and the major actions of their lives come as responses to this realization. They know man's fate and share it; nor ask nor hope for more.

Here is no list of Christian virtues. The Hemingway hero replaces humility with pride. He neither fears hell nor hopes for heaven. He knows only that he must live, must die. He finds no solace in religion, regards both church and state with unconcealed contempt. Old Santiago (in *The Old Man and the Sea*), the most primitive and therefore the most obvious example, performs the rituals of the Catholic church, but he lives his life by the pagan virtues.

Critics have identified the Hemingway ethic with the codes of sportsman, athlete, and soldier; certainly all have contributed important elements to Hemingway's life, and particulars of each

may be identified in the code by which Jake Barnes, Frederick Henry, Robert Jordan, Colonel Cantwell, and old Santiago live. Seeking a better source, Edmund Wilson has compared the Hemingway ethic to the code of the Japanese samurai, perhaps a closer identification than the code of either sportsman, athlete, or soldier. I believe we need not go so far.

In four short stories Hemingway uses the bull ring as touchstone to reveal the virtue or lack of virtue by which he measures his characters. In "The Undefeated," the old matador Manuel Garcia dies nobly before a hostile crowd, preferring death on the horn to a useless and empty life. In "Banal Story," a dying bullfighter leaves devoted admirers; but he will soon be forgotten, the story implies, because the commonplace is now exalted, while the illustrious has become part of the banality of life.

Not all toreros are noble, however; those who lack the Hemingway virtues succeed only in relation to their possession of those virtues. In "Capital of the World," a youth who has never experienced the challenge of the ring proclaims himself capable and fearless, yet kills himself ridiculously fighting a chair which had knives attached to represent the horns he would defy. In "The Mother of a Queen," Paco fails as a matador and as a man because he lacks the primary Hemingway virtue of integrity.

In *The Sun Also Rises*, Brett Ashley expiates her drunken, worthless life through renunciation of young Pedro Romero, whose performance in the ring at Pamplona reveals qualities which will make him a great matador. Significantly, the contemptible Cohn is sickened by the bloody business, while Jake Barnes, the typical Hemingway hero, is a true *aficionado*.

In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Pilar and Pablo compare the life of their paisano band to the life of a bullfighter. "'Safety,' the wife of Pablo said. 'There is no such thing as safety. . . .'"

"'There is safety,' Pablo said, 'Within the danger there is the safety of knowing what chances to take. It is like the bullfighter who knowing what he is doing, takes no chances and is safe.'"

"'Until he is gored,' the woman said bitterly."

In other places Pilar sympathizes with and encourages a partisan youth who had failed in the bull ring because he lacked courage, remembers the happiest days of her life spent in Valencia with

Finito, her bullfighter lover, and in a long, emotion-charged sequence recalls Finito in the ring dispatching his bull with a perfect *volapié*, her matador, brave and glorious.

Death in the Afternoon, published in 1932, is the fullest and clearest statement of Hemingway's experience of the bull ring and his attitude toward it. The seriousness of his interest is attested by his confession that he has read contemporary accounts of bullfights back only to 1873. In another place when evaluating the work of an old-time matador he adds parenthetically of the bulls this matador fought, "(I've looked up the weights and the photographs)." He tells us that he has attended over three hundred bullfights, that he has himself without success attempted to work bulls with the cape, that bullfights may be dull, disgusting, exciting, tragic, noble, glorious. At its best a fight "takes a man out of himself and makes him feel immortal while it is proceeding, . . . gives him an ecstasy that is, while momentary, as profound as any religious ecstasy; moving all the people in the ring together and increasing in emotional intensity as it proceeds, carrying the bullfighter with it, he playing on the crowd through the bull and being moved as it responds in a growing ecstasy of ordered, formal, passionate, increasing disregard for death that leaves you, when it is over, and death administered to the animal that has made it possible, as empty, as changed and as sad as any major emotion will leave you." (I am quoting, not Aristotle on Aeschylus, but Hemingway on a bullfight.)

The best statement of Hemingway's morality that I know is on page four (this is not Frederick Henry or Robert Jordan speaking; this is Ernest Hemingway in the first person): "I know only that what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after and judged by these moral standards, which I do not defend, the bullfight is very moral to me because I feel fine while it is going on and have a feeling of life and death and mortality and immortality, and after it is over I feel very sad but very fine."

Hemingway's characterization of his friend Maera the matador might serve as a prototype of the Hemingway hero of fiction: "He was generous, humorous, proud, bitter, foulmouthed and a great drinker. He neither sucked after intellectuals nor married money.

He loved to kill bulls and lived with much passion and enjoyment. . . ."

Throughout the volume, intricate technical details of the torero's art, historical background of the ring, critical evaluations of bullfighters are interspersed with personal and revealing digressions on painting, literature, morality, death. In this volume, I believe, Hemingway is more directly and revealingly personal than in any other; what is elsewhere implied indirectly through fiction is here stated in direct first-person exposition.

Max Eastman's stupid review ("Bull in the Afternoon," *New Republic*, June 7, 1933) may have diverted attention from this volume. It should be better known by all who would know Hemingway better.

At the end of the final reminiscent and romantic chapter, Hemingway sums up his personal creed: "The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if its made truly."

My thesis is that Hemingway finds in the bull ring the fullest realization of his code, the finest image of his world. Like life, the bull ring is a place of violence and death. It symbolizes the forces of modern life, powerful, unreasoning, brutal, destructive. The audience is modern man *en masse*, fickle, demanding, cruel, crassly eager to debase the classic three-act tragedy into monkey-shines for tourists. The bullfighter symbolizes modern man as Hemingway hero meeting violence and death, matching himself against them, surviving in spite of them, triumphing over them. The qualities by which he survives and triumphs are honesty, courage, and skill, to which and as a result of which are added sincerity, loyalty, stoicism, and compassion.

In "The Heroic Impulse in *The Old Man and the Sea*," published in both *The English Journal* and *College English* (October, 1956), Professor Leo Gurko says: "To be a hero means to dare more than other men, to expose oneself to greater dangers, and therefore more greatly to risk the possibilities of defeat and death."

Like the torero, the Hemingway hero seeks danger, avoids death.

Life is a spectacle, a game played according to fixed and recognized rules. Difficulty, hazard, and reward exist in positive relationship. Life that is lazy, soft, secure is proportionately dull, empty, worthless. One must, therefore, take the hazard, meet the difficulty, survive the danger. Then, even though one may die (Robert Jordan does) yet he has lived, he has got the best of life, which he realizes not through duration but in intensity.

The August issue of *Modern Fiction Studies* consists of six articles on Hemingway and the best Hemingway bibliography. In the first article, "The Matador and the Crucified," Professor Melvin Backman identifies and relates death and sex as Hemingway's two major themes. Of death in the bull ring he says, "In *The Sun Also Rises* and *In Our Time*, Pedro Romero and Villalta—as their swords go all the way in, the men leaning after—become one with the bull, united for a single instant by death. This is the 'moment of truth.' It is an intense, almost an ecstatic moment of communion, involving an abnegation of self before the final merging." In this supreme moment the matador dies, sometimes literally, always symbolically. Through this knowledge of death comes his revelation of life. Hemingway understands how one must lose his life to save it.

In the bull ring and in Hemingway's world only one who has truly mastered his craft survives. And surviving, one achieves dexterity and grace, bringing out of violence and death a professional pride in skilled performance and the personal satisfaction derived from courage and self-control. Even here, Hemingway says, we may realize and value the good things of life, the virtues of sincerity and loyalty, of stoicism and compassion. In the bullfighter he finds the image of those virtues which are reflected in his heroes. In the bull ring he finds his mystical revelation of the fullest meaning of life.

Hemingway has, I submit, created an idealism of a high order. It is not, admittedly, the sort of idealism we might wish as justification of our capitalistic economy. It is also an idealism which rejects both the myth and the ethic of Christianity. The seven Hemingway virtues which I have listed do not equate with the Seven Cardinal Virtues of traditional Christianity. I shall not attempt to answer two questions which here obtrude: Is human conduct

based upon sincerity, loyalty, stoicism, and compassion better than human conduct based upon the morals of an acquisitive society? Is the quality of life lived by the Hemingway code superior to life lived according to the Christian virtues?

My purpose is to propose the bull ring as source and symbol of the Hemingway ethic, death in the afternoon as his supreme revelation, for him the ultimate moment of truth.

IN LOVE'S TIME

By ALICE MOSER CLAUDEL

Spring is no season for the stranger,
Alien, ill-favored, in love's time.
Even flowers seem distant; their burning cold,
Transformed by a witch whose subtle crime
Is unknown to the natives where kisses suffice,
Are a spell against creatures who snarl at the stranger.
Doves tear at the green, destroying the seed.
Lovers lean by the lilacs,
Are blind to the roses where the worms feed.

And the mind of the lonely gnaws at its pain.
It follows houndlike down torment's trail.
All beauty is bitter under the sun
Though bridal wreath is a waterfall
Of purest, whitest beginning again.

THE DEAD OF THE LATEST WAR

By MARION MONTGOMERY

Hear our brief obsequies, repent for us
Who lived uneasy with the ash-dry taste
Of death upon our lips and came to waste
Before we came to seed; stark and wondrous
Old battles were denied, the ominous
And hateful enemy we never faced;
He was to us, and we to him, lines traced
On an electric screen. Now pity us.

There came no Priam seeking his slain son
When we were slain; Achilles was no more,
Or if he was, turned to a deadly thumb
That struck ten curved-miles off, and if he won
His Troy he never saw its walls; this war
Struck Atreus' son and Priam forever dumb.

Letters from Burma

ZENA HUNTER

[In the first installment of "Letters from Burma," published in the last issue of the *Quarterly* (Winter, 1957), Miss Hunter told of her arrival in June, 1955, at Rangoon, her problems and pleasures in teaching as a Fulbright Fellow at University College in Mandalay, and her experiences in learning and exploring the customs and sights of Burma. Edith Betts and Tyler (Gemmell) were two of Miss Hunter's Fulbright colleagues in Burma: Miss Betts, from the University of Idaho, was assigned to teach physical education at Mandalay State Teachers College; Miss Tyler Gemmell, a librarian from Sweetbriar College in Virginia, was Miss Hunter's housemate.]

Mandalay, August 16

A couple of week ends ago, Edith Betts went up to Lashio with ten of the young teachers at the State Teachers' Training College on a four-day trip. She had a gay time visiting all the homes of the innumerable relatives, each one of whom, according to Burmese custom, took in the entire group and fed them and put them up for as long as they could stay. On the way back, they stopped to take the train across the Gokteik Gorge bridge, and when they returned, found that the bus just after them on the road had been "dacoited," and all the young people, mostly students from the college on holiday, had been robbed of their money and jewelry—and these girls wear the family wealth on them in earrings and buttons and bangles. We decided that the event was recent enough that the police would be active in that area and that this week end would be a good time to drive up to the gorge. So Tyler and I, one of the W.H.O. nurses, and one of the Rangoon U.S.I.S. staff left Mandalay Saturday afternoon to spend the night in Maymyo, and go on to the gorge early Sunday. Our troubles were not as exotic as bandits or insurgents, but just plain tire trouble and weather. We had a flat tire about five miles outside of Mandalay, and none of us could figure out how to use the jack on the little Morris Minor. While we were milling around in the midday sun, a truck stopped and half a dozen

Burmese boys took over and fixed it for us in no time—apparently completely compensated by the hilarity of the occasion. In Maymyo, we drove around the town to the bazaar to buy pineapples before going to the A.B.M. Everything goes by initials in this country (just like Washington, D.C.) and A.B.M. means American Baptist Mission (rest house). I am not in any position to report on the achievements of the missionaries in Burma, but the ones I have met are sane, hard-working, cheerful people, who do an amazing number of things in their communities besides running the Sunday services both in English and in Burmese. Also, I surely do appreciate the rest houses they operate in the mountain towns, where missionaries of all denominations can go for very small cost, and where other travelers can go, if the rooms are not full of missionaries.

On the way down from Maymyo, the deluge started as we left late in the afternoon and gave me a most unhappy hour and a half, for the road drops three thousand feet in fifteen miles, around hair-raising hairpin bends, and the car-and-a-half-wide road has ragged edges and, during a deluge, raging torrents instead of shoulders. What seemed like the entire Burmese Army was coming back up to headquarters in trucks and jeeps, and they have right of way down the middle. The rain came in solid sheets, the rivers crossed the road, the brakes began to slide, and in the dusk the visibility varied from two feet to zero. I was glad to get to the bottom, though that meant that every low place in the road was a lake that we had to hope the Morris Minor was amphibious enough to cross. At least the Irrawaddy River is still behind the levees at Mandalay, but within a couple of feet of the top of the levee. Miles and miles of country north of Mandalay is flooded, and south of Mandalay, the Ava Bridge to Sagaing is under water, where river steamers usually go under it. We went down to the levee the other night and in the place where a sawmill has a cluster of huts on the outside of the levee, but well above normal water level, high-sterned boats were anchored among the huts, and boat families mingled sociably in the water with hut families, who were still living in the huts, although the water stood two feet deep in them. Nobody seemed alarmed, and we provided more excitement than the flood did.

Mandalay, September 11

For three weeks, I have been trying to get the *Life Science Series* geology pictures, which we had framed, hung on the walls of the lecture room with even spacing, all at the same height, and in sequence. I am still trying. Some are up; some are not. I have given up hope on the spacing, and will be ready to settle if they come within two inches of being the same height. However, I have provided considerable amusement by my antics with a hammer on top of a desk, and I have had some of the students helping me. That, I think, is quite an innovation. No University student works; there are no student jobs; financial help is given outright as a scholarship, for it is not suitable that a "scholar" should do manual labor.

I began to be ashamed that I was making no attempt to learn the language of the country, so last week, I began tutoring twice a week with U Ko Ko of the Burmese department. He is a good teacher, and prepares the lessons with painstaking care, but I really am not a credit to him, though I do spend painful hours trying to learn vocabulary and rules. But when I need a word or phrase to use on a servant, or a workman, or a student, I never know the one word I need. Also, I can understand, when I see it written, that akà means dancing, aká—covering, akhà—wages, akhá—time, khà—bitter, and takhà—once, but how do I make them sound different and worse, how do I tell the difference when they are said in rapid-fire conversation with the people? Then na, said ordinarily, means rest or pity, but said through the nose, nga means fish or five.

Social life is varied, and sometimes strenuous. We go to a cocktail party for the British Consul from Maymyo, or for the new U.S.I.S. man, or for somebody's birthday, and westerners, Burmese, and Indians mingle and shout at each other, or—as happened to me at one such whing-ding—folks settle down in chairs and one spends the entire evening answering a questionnaire on the U.S. to satisfy the curiosity of some elderly retired gentleman, whose retirement is devoted to reading *Life* and *Time* (Pacific editions). My old man had one other retirement activity; he put up signs all over Mandalay "Be kind to animals by not eating them."

The bearer had a christening ceremony for his new daughter.

His father, aged eighty-nine and partly paralyzed, had to be transported across town, so I volunteered to take him. The Burmese have no idea that there are limits to the capacity of any car, and when Tyler and I went for the old man, we also acquired his son (our bearer), his daughter, his daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law's baby—all four and a half in the back seat of the Morris Minor, which is full when it holds two. At the ceremony, we had to get involved to the extent of sitting down on the only two chairs, eating bananas (safe in skins), and smiling all around in lieu of polite conversation. We also got involved in paying for the entire proceedings!

The U Tha Htos gave a Mohinga Party, the Burmese equivalent of our Coffee or Tea, for the entire University College staff. Burmese people do not like sweet stuff to eat, though they drink sickeningly sweet tea and coffee and soft drinks, so refreshments are always something cooked—all varieties of either rice or spaghetti (vermicelli) plus a soup, plus bits of chicken, plus chilis, plus—alas!—ngape, which is a gray paste that started out, a *long* time ago, as shrimp. One does not stand around with bowl in hand, but sits at table, and when finished, moves on to the verandah to make room for others.

The Minister of Education came up from Rangoon and we did have a Tea Party. Tyler and I were included in the receiving line and felt very shabby in our cottons amidst the splendor of the male heads of departments and administration in stiff silk longyis, silk jackets, and pink silk gaung-baungs on their heads. We were in line outside the library at 3:45 p.m., and the Minister arrived at 4:45 p.m.—to an extremely wilted receiving line. We had cake and sugar-loaded coffee, and speeches, plus what the program called “soft music,” which turned out to be the college orchestra playing at full fortissimo, and a girl singing over a loud-speaker tuned to altissimo! Burmese are whole-hearted people and they like things loud.

We had lunch with the “warden” of the girls “hostel”—the faculty advisor of the girls’ dorm—and that was pleasant and easy, for Daw Ohn spent several months in the United States touring colleges with women’s dormitories, and the other guest was Daw Khin Nyo Nyo, who spent year before last at Wisconsin, and is

planning to return to the United States to get a Ph.D. in economics.

At all of these "functions" the tables were set, and I wondered what some of the Boulder hostesses would have thought of the appointments. Graciousness and welcome were there in large measure, but Mandalay sells no table cloths other than blue and white kitchen variety, about card-table size, so these are laid higgledy-piggledy on the tables and are definitely soiled in appearance. One napkin, also likely to be soiled even before the party, is placed for the use of half a dozen people. The people are not to be judged by such aberrations from our customs. Mandalay is definitely not a cosmopolitan city, and some things available in Rangoon are not obtainable here. The foreign currency situation is acute, so that foreign imports are at a minimum. Industrialization of the country has scarcely begun and it manufactures very little. Besides, the people, although immaculate in their persons and their personal clothing, are casual and easy-going, and dirt is merely one of life's commonplaces.

Last month we went to the pagodas for the Buddhist religious festivals. This month we went to Tounbyo, twelve miles north of Mandalay, to a Nat Festival. The nats are the spirits of trees, or rivers, or animals, or of murdered people, who make particularly powerful nats. Most of the country people combine their Buddhism and their nat worship inextricably, and a Nat Festival takes place all around and in the pagoda, and has a full-grown country fair thrown in. This one was a seething mass of people, bazaar stalls, flowers, baskets of fruit, fortune-telling stalls, nat images and shrines, ghastly leper beggars, dancing—both religious-trance dancing and plain raucous group dancing—and a pall of dust that rose to well above head-height and eddied in thick brown clouds everywhere. Fortunately, we had been warned about the road conditions, and hired a jeep. The road was a bullock-cart track on the levee between the flooded river and the canal, ruts in places were two feet deep, trucks and jeeps and carts were end to end, and it took us two hours to travel three miles on the way home.

Mandalay, October 9

My friends are likely to think that, whereas some people are accident-prone, I am crisis-prone, but in this one, I was merely an

innocent by-sitter, and still do not know what most of it was about, but it surely was a dilly. One Tuesday noon, we got a notice marked Urgent, and it announced an emergency Staff meeting because the Principal had resigned, and *that* was without doubt a calamity of the first order. It seems that a young Burmese instructor had written an allegorical article in the local paper the previous day and it *could* be interpreted to be an insult to the Principal. Whereupon, the Principal resigned. The resulting Staff Association meeting was so highly charged emotionally that most of the Burmese members of the staff lost their command of English and the proceedings were carried on in Burmese. Inasmuch as sixty per cent of the staff are Indians, more than half of us had no idea what was going on. However, a resolution was presented in impassioned Burmese, translated sketchily into English summary, and the first thing we knew, we were committed to suspend classes until the "matter is settled satisfactorily"—with no indication of what "satisfactorily" meant, nor who would settle it, nor how long it would take. It was a day later before I found out that the reason for the classes being suspended was that the young instructor was also Representative of the Student Association on the University's Governing Board, so his sins rubbed off on the unsuspecting students, they also became insultors and therefore were penalized by the suspension of classes. Friday morning, we got notice to resume classes. Things stewed on for another week or so, but apparently have been "settled satisfactorily"—to someone—for the Principal is again in his office, and the young instructor has resigned, still protesting that he meant to insult someone else, not the Principal! It all seemed very strange to Tyler and me, who could not visualize the presidents of the University of Colorado or of Sweetbriar College abandoning the whole institution because a young Graduate Assistant wrote a letter to the local press and implied that the President was a mangy dog! But we obviously do not know all the ramifications, so we certainly shall make no judgments.

Entertainment in Burma, and among the Indians in Burma, is only good if it is loud, long, and blazing with 500-watt lamps. We went with the three young Indian instructors to see what they assured us was a really good Indian movie. It went on for three unbroken hours, and could easily have come out of one of the Holly-

wood studios of the 1920's—glycerine tears and everything. We did appreciate the kindness of the young Indian hosts, but I did think I would die along about the end of the first hour, for the heat was like the promise of purgatory, and the barrage of noise a physical battering—and there were two more hours to go before the heroine would die.

We went to a play sponsored by the Student Musical Association. They had hired one of the big, barn-like movie houses, engaged half-a-dozen professional actors from Rangoon, and filled in the rest of the cast with a couple of girl students and about a dozen of the boys. Maung Aung Than, a geology student in the cast, explained that the first half was to be comedy and the second half tragedy. Daw Ohn, the Dean of Women, went with Tyler and me, and got us there by six-thirty to sit on the front seat with the Principal and his wife. It seemed strange to us to see the University president's wife smoking a foot-long inch-diametered cheroot, and to have the Dean of Women kick off her sandals and tuck her feet up under her, but our appearance and clothing seemed much more strange to the rest of the audience. From 6:30 until 7:45, the loud speaker *blasted* Burmese music at us. Then the orchestra, which took over the blast, was practically sitting in our front-seat laps for the duration of our stay. Burmese comedy is so frankly bawdy that there was no difficulty in following it, even if we did not understand a word of Burmese. Had we been alone, I would have thought we had strayed into the wrong place and better leave, but all the University staff and their young families were finding it hilariously funny and quite acceptable; so I guessed it must be all right for a couple of elderly spinsters to stay, too! Nobody but me seemed to feel any repugnance about those lovely young people, shiny-scrubbed and soft-featured, mixed up with those tawdry, burlesque-type professionals. One thing about the show that was most enjoyable was that the boys, as well as the girls, changed longvis every scene, so there was a rainbow procession of handsome, brilliant silks across the stage, and these young people are innately graceful. (Every traffic cop in Burma is a veritable Stokowski conducting his traffic symphony.) The intermission came at 9:45 and Tyler and I decided we could not last through two more hours of Tragedy, so we excused ourselves and went home—

after a minor army of boys had rallied to push three jeeps out of the way, so I could extricate the Morris Minor from the jungle of vehicles.

The students handed out gold-printed invitations to a shikko ceremony, so we attended with the rest of the staff. We were first seated at long tables in the hall of the Administration building and fed ice cream and sweet cakes and sweet tea with milk (willy-nilly—one is not given any preference for tea without trimmings). Then we paraded—the Burmese faculty in its stiff silks and the men wearing pink silk gaung-baungs on their heads—to one of the basha lecture halls across the campus and seated ourselves on chairs around a low platform, on which were several dozen bright pink paper bags filled with something, and a wash basin full of bananas, fresh coconut, and a stiff spray of flowers. The benches had been removed and the students sat on mats on the floor. The President of the Student Association spoke; the Principal spoke; so did several other people—all in Burmese, of course. Then the entire gathering of several hundred students got onto their knees and shikkoed—bowed their heads three times to the floor—to show respect to their teachers. Tyler was rather horrified that they should be using the attitude of worship to us, but they “worship,” or pay respect to, the Buddha, the pongyis (priests), their parents, and their teachers in that order of respect, and since there were just as many of them missing from classes the next day, I did not feel that we had to take the “worship” idea too seriously. At the end of the ceremony, each staff member was given one of the pink bags, which contained a face cloth, a cake of Lifebuoy soap, a package of matches, and a package of candles. I asked if there were any significance to the contents but was told that the contents could be anything, and this was the student committee's idea of something suitable for faculty members!

One of our minor problems has been, and continues to be, the steady stream of callers who drop in unexpectedly. In this heat, we come home for tea at four o'clock more or less limp, and aching for an hour of complete unwinding. Teaching is always exacting, and teaching at 91 degrees to 97 degrees and 80 per cent humidity more so, and teaching students who speak a different language “yet more so.” Some of my girls may drop in, and while it is good

to have them come, conversation is extremely difficult—a constant search for words they will understand, and a constant effort to understand their hesitant contributions—though their efforts are mostly confined to answers to direct questions. Or one of the young Indian instructors stops in to discuss his homesickness and all the joys of India as contrasted to this wilderness of Burma or, more likely, to pursue the subject of “further study” in the United States. Most of these boys are terribly eager to come to the United States for their degrees and are anxious to get all the hints and helps they can. We stress with all of them the need for adequate financial backing, and the extremely high cost of getting a degree in the United States, for we both know how many of these young people come to us and have so much trouble getting enough money to stay alive that they get very little learning. One almost unintelligible young Pakistani physics instructor came charging in the other day and, almost with the same breath that brought him in the door, wanted to know why the Americans were so opposed to Communists, and why we had confined a Pakistani student to his hotel (pronounced hotle) and not let him go about. It was the same young man who charged in another hot afternoon during a crisis in Goa (the Portuguese colony in India) and wanted to know in his first breath what we thought about God. We misunderstood him, and conversation was a bit scrambled at first as he asked questions about God, and our replies were framed to Goa! Sometimes the U.S.I.S. men drop by on an errand, or one of the other members of the western group stops to invite us to a party. No telephones mean that delivering messages in person is a major function of the day. Mandalay has no definite dinner hour. The Burmese eat only two meals a day, around ten, and around four; the westerners eat anywhere from six-thirty until eight; the Indians eat at similarly varied hours. Consequently, there is never any time when one can count on folks staying at home and out of our living room! We enjoy our callers though, and they bring a miscellany of interests and information to us that we could never find by going out to look for it. The Anglican minister, an Anglo-Burman, preaches sermons that are dull, and involved, and hard to follow (that is the Anglo in him), but he came in the other evening and talked for two hours with the charm of a born story-

teller, and was fascinating. His account of how he came to change from a transport engineer to the Anglican ministry at the age of forty-eight was an utterly delightful tale that was the epitome of everything that is most lovable in the Burmese. His recital of the legend of the chinthes (mythical lions) that guard the pagoda gates made the half-lion, half-human hero of the legend as real as the Japanese guards in his story of two years as a prisoner of war in Mandalay.

Mandalay, January 7

Early in November, we had an excellent three-day trip to the Bawdwin lead and silver mines in the Shan mountains—Tyler and I, two of the Indian geology instructors, and eight of the third-year students. The Burma Corporation that operates the mines is nationalized, owned jointly by the Burmese Government and a private British firm, and the administrative staff is largely British. My tidy mind was pleased with the organization for the trip and with their preparations for us, for so much that is done here suits the customs of the country but is, to me, hopelessly haphazard. In the small mining town in a deep cleft in the hills, the staff bungalows cling to vertical valley walls, but all have terraced gardens, and the ten-foot-high poinsettia bushes were a mass of huge blossoms. Tyler and I stayed at the Manager's house, and the well-ordered, western-style comfort and graciousness was a breath of home. We raided the garden and munched fresh garden lettuce like a couple of rabbits. The two girls in the class could not go down the mine because they would not put on slacks, but appeared at the shaft in their ankle-length, wrap-around longyis, Burmese slippers—and sun helmets. The head of the department would not go down because he had forgotten to bring an extra pair of shoes and did not want to get his feet wet.

One day I went with the geology students on their annual "excursion" (picnic). No other staff member went along, so I was on my own with the students and had a wonderful time. We went by bus, and you can imagine my horror when the bus went, not in the direction I had supposed, but straight toward the hill about ten miles from Mandalay where we had been told that a nest of insurgents made the area unsafe. The students assured me that

there were no insurgents any longer, so I put my faith in the patron saint of travelers in far places and went along. Certainly there was no sign of armed bandits, but I cannot say that I was entirely easy, since that was about a week after a hundred armed insurgents went right into the town of Maymyo at nine o'clock in the morning and removed two W.H.O. doctors for ransom. The two doctors were released after two weeks, when the insurgent group became convinced that the Burmese government would not pay the exorbitant ransom, and that neither man was an American, so the United States could not be expected to pay the bill!

On December twenty-third, Tyler and I and the same Bawdwin group left, with a mountain of miscellaneous baggage and our bedrolls, on the 5:00 a.m. train for Thazi. The train took five and a half hours to travel the hundred miles, and at every stop the students piled out to eat. At Thazi we joined the staff and student group from Rangoon University, and the thirty-one of us were stacked into Army trucks, surrounded with Army escort, and jolted another hundred miles in another five hours to Mount Popa village, about fifty miles from where we started. Popa is in the dry zone of Burma, where the Irrawaddy River turns through an East bend about halfway between Mandalay and Prome, but the height of the extinct volcano apparently gets a bit of moisture, and the slopes are covered with banana plantations. The village is most fortunate in having a big flow of water into their reservoir, for in other villages in that area, the water situation is desperate, and the sole supply may be a small pond that becomes just a mud puddle in the dry season.

At Popa, a big new bungalow had just been finished and we were the first occupants. The only furniture consisted of some odd tables and enough chairs and dishes for half of us to eat at once. Tyler and I and the three girls had a room together, and we threw our bedrolls on the floor, brushed our teeth out the window, but did have a little shed where we could take our cold-water, throw-over baths, instead of joining the boys and the villagers down at the overflow pipes from the reservoir. Popa is two thousand feet above sea level, and a couple of blankets really did not provide much offset either to the hardness of the floor nor to the cold that came up through the cracks. That area is under military control,

and the local Lieutenant-Colonel had us in tow. He had commandeered the local forestry men as cooks, waiters, and such, and the man who brought our stone-cold rice and ????? to the table each day was the best tiger hunter in the area. When we went out on foot for each of the three days at Popa, ten armed men and a roly-poly Warrant Officer went ahead, behind, and around us, and I cannot say that my sense of security was particularly enhanced, when clambering down a steep hill of loose rocks, to have a soldier go plunging by with his rifle slung at a good angle for a direct hit on my head if he should stumble. Dr. Tha Hla, the head of the geology department at Rangoon, is a ball of energy, autocracy, pepperiness, and spirit. He never saw a higher hill but he must dash up it to whack on top of it with his hammer and load some student with the chips for his department collection. He was wonderful to be with, but since I had had no exercise since coming to Burma, and had an interior that felt most of the time like a boil about to erupt, I am afraid I did little to uphold the prestige of U.S. geologists' endurance.

Christmas Eve, at Popa, the students wanted us to have a party, so they built a bonfire out in the compound and stood around and sang "Silent Night" and "Happy Christmas to You," and since that was the extent of their Christmas repertoire, we drifted off into a favorite form of Burmese entertainment that terrifies me—each person takes a turn, by compulsion, and sings, recites, or dances. Since Dr. Tha Hla was M.C., there was no escape for anyone. Tyler produced "She's Coming 'Round the Mountain" in a fine hill-billy nasal, and I produced a monotone's version of a couple of verses of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm"—so you know what the duress must have been to accomplish that! The Warrant Officer was the life of the party, and joined in practically every song or dance, and produced a few extra numbers. The next morning, Tyler and I were so engrossed in getting ourselves into jeans and boots and out into the cold morning, and ready for a breakfast of heavily-sweetened-and-milked coffee and greasy fried gourd and a piece of sweet cake, that we completely forgot to wish each other a Merry Christmas, but some of the thoughtful young Buddhist students remembered to say it at breakfast. We spent the day in field work, and part of the trip was to the top of a per-

factly vertical volcanic plug. In Burma, however, a pagoda tops *every* high place, so there is always a path, in this place vertical stone steps and iron ladders. Geologically speaking, I never did figure out why we went to the top.

On December twenty-sixth, the Army trucks took us off to Kyaukpadaung to look over the Colonel's pet damsite scheme—miles and miles of walking and an interesting geological problem, but no one ever did bother to explain to the students what it was all about, and by the time I found out myself, only two or three of the students were still around to be explained to! The nights of December twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, we were at Chauk, the Burma Oil Company location, good geology, well-planned trips, good food, and beds with mattresses! This is another nationalized British company, and we were supposed to stay with the Manager, but we did not want to be separated from the three girls, and we were, besides, so encrusted with dirt and so disreputable by this time, that just being in the Lindsay's lovely living room made us cringe.

December twenty-ninth, Tyler and I and the eight Mandalay students parted from the others. The B.O.C. brought out their launch that accommodates sixty people to transport the ten of us and half a dozen B.O.C. employees out for a picnic, the four-hour trip up-river to Nyaung-Oo. At Nyaung-Oo, the Colonel was ahead of us, so arrangements were made in the village, and we stayed at the local high school, which was fortunately on vacation. They had thrown up bamboo screens across one end of the big, barn-like school, moved in some Army cots (springs but no mattresses), screened off an oil-drum of water at one end of the porch for a washroom, and set up tables and chairs for us to use as a dining room. Things in Burma may not be as convenient, nor as comfortable, nor conform to our ideas of cleanliness, but the people are unfailingly kind and generous and good-natured, and those school people at Nyaung-Oo were grand. The elementary school was not on vacation, so we washed, brushed our teeth, ate, and lived in the wide-eyed stares of several hundred small fry, who hauled up chairs to peek over the partitions, and surged involuntarily toward every opened door. The Army had only a small unit in the village, so the local Civil Guard turned out twelve men to

stand guard each night. By this time, of course, we were pretty well used to having our expeditions to the outside toilets superintended by armed guards.

The purpose of the days at Nyaung-Oo was to visit the temples of Pagan, four miles away. Pagan was the heart of Burmese culture and religion from the third to the fifteenth century, and is the most important shrine in the country. Dotted over the sixteen square miles of plain are still the remains of hundreds of pagodas—and there were once thousands of them.

Mandalay, February 12

Exams begin March first and will last six weeks. The poor Bursar must work out the most devious scheme for the exam schedule, and cannot schedule an exam in Freshman geology unless every student, some taking chemistry as a second subject, some geography, some math, is free of all other exams at that time. Classes, however, ended yesterday, officially, and between one and two weeks ago to all intents and purposes. The students simply stop coming (those who have been coming at all!) and hole in with a textbook (borrowed) in each subject, and with any mimeographed notes the lecturer may have distributed, and memorize their way through the lot. Maung Myint Thein, who was so busy being a campus politician that he attended only fourteen classes in the department the entire year, came in cheerfully yesterday to ask me for the lecture notes for the entire department for the entire year. He did not get the notes, and he *did* get a complete synopsis of my thoughts on the subject!

For the rest of my time, I will be working in the museum. That "rest of time" is short. Tyler leaves for Rangoon two weeks from to-day, and I will leave on March seventh. Rumor has it that it takes two weeks in Rangoon to untangle all the red tape. We have started the process by listing for the Secretary of the Ministry of Trade Development every single article that we have bought in Burma, and the price we paid. If it meets with the approval of his secretary and of the three other people to whom we must send carbon copies, we will get export permits. Goodness knows what we do if it does *not* meet with somebody's approval. The listing has been discouraging. I did not realize how much like a drunken

sailor I had been acting in acquiring souvenirs, and I not only have to get out of Burma, but also into the United States, with sub-entries past the New Zealand Customs officers and the British Customs officers.

Sooner or later, I am going to be forced to face the issue of packing—sea freight for the United States, air freight for Britain, luggage to take with me on the plane to New Zealand. What is to go where? And how is it even to get to Rangoon? Sooner or later, too, I am going to have to face the inevitable good-byes. Although many of the things about this year have not been ideal, nor even comfortable, we have had unfailing kindness and courtesy. Even the youngsters who will never make geologists have been friendly and puppy-affectionate, and it will be hard to say good-bye to them and know how final the good-bye is—and know, too, that if I stayed even one more year, I could do three times as much for them. They do not understand my English much of the time, they are convinced that I am just plain downright queer in many ways—even rude in not putting Maung before their names when I call them Chit Aung Nyo or Myint Lwin, but they do appreciate my efforts, and were beginning to understand a little of what I was trying to do in classes. Socially, the Freshmen are more like our high school freshmen and sophomores, and we are currently besieged with autograph albums and requests for our photographs. The Burmese have a passion for photographs. They love to have their pictures taken; some houses are practically wall-papered with photographs of family and friends; the students bring me pictures of themselves—sometimes two different versions—and they exchange pictures with each other. When I get home, I will rejoice in those reminders of my young people here.

Rangoon, March 18

The last month in Mandalay was, as you might expect, a bedlam of sociability. We were taken by Burmese friends to a Tea Party for an Indian wedding, to a Burmese Shinbyu, to a Chinese-Burmese wedding. Every "function" involves the erection of elaborate bamboo-and-paper-and-tinsel archways and false fronts outside the house or right across the street; every function involves eating! The Shinbyu was the most elaborate occasion. Two small

boys were being prepared to have their heads shaved and don the yellow monk's robe for a short stay in a monastery; their three sisters were being prepared to have their ears bored for the wearing of ear-rings—a semi-religious rite. For this one occasion in their lives, they were dressed as the ancient Burmese princes and princesses, in gorgeous hand-woven silks of the royal bright-pink color and all the jewels the family could collect, and were seated on a platform strewn with great red-velvet cushions. The invited guests came in *their* best silks, and all *their* jewels, and sat on mats on the floor in front of the platform. It was characteristic of the courtesy of the Burmese people that westerners, who are not even known to the family, are not resented but made to feel most welcome, and brought right up front so they can be sure to see everything. This Buddhist Shinbyu, a Burmese ceremony, is conducted not by pongyis, but by an Indian Brahmin priest. Loads of gifts, however, are given to the pongyis at the end of the ceremony—blankets, lanterns, table cloths, dishes, etc., were stacked along the wall for the audience to see what the pongyis were getting. The doctor-father of the children told us proudly that the whing-ding was costing him 30,000 kyats, the equivalent of \$6,000.

I staged my own "function." It seemed too bad just to go off rag-taggle-like, without some kind of a goodbye to the students, so I invited all seventy of them to come to dinner. It was arranged in a hurry, so there was no time for the usual gilt-printed invitation cards, and I sent out mimeographed notes. It is not the Burmese custom to R.S.V.P., so when it came to six o'clock the night of the dinner, there were fifteen people present, and I was in a panic. Ten minutes later every one, except three who were ill, had arrived, including the ones who had come to class not more than half a dozen times all year, and one cheerful lad whose name was down as a geology student but upon whom I had never laid eyes! I had thought that we would eat, I would show a few of my Burmese kodachromes, and they would go home. But that was not their way of doing things, so one of them, after dinner, took over as M.C. and we did it the Burmese way, with various people called on to render a song or a story, and May May Khin was helped up on to the table to do a Burmese dance. Then came the also-unscheduled presentation of gifts—an eighteen inch gilt-and-

lacquer-and-bits-of-glass temple ornament that the students obviously considered *such* a treasure that I restrained my gasp of dismay—and had a special box built to carry it home. The President of the Geology Association gave a speech, and his excitement was so great that his small English fell apart entirely. I was instructed to give a Reply to the presentation—*then* we looked at kodachromes, and had a Grouphoto (all one word!) taken before the party broke up. I had put on my usual cotton dress from home, but as soon as the seventy arrived, a delegation approached with a request (that sounded more like a polite command!) that I put on Burmese dress. So Tyler and I, with the help of half a dozen of the girls, put on longyis, aingyis, scarfs, and appropriate jewelry before the dinner could start.

Giving a dinner party at University College in Mandalay had certain advantages over giving a party for seventy in Boulder. I simply announced that I wanted to give such a party, and the Office Superintendent took over the sending of chairs and tables (via bullock cart), and a squad of electricians arrived to put up poles and neon lights in the compound for the outdoor party; the Bursar took over ordering the dishes and flatware and the proper food from a Chinese restaurant, seeing that it was brought over by University truck at the last minute, and then he came and supervised the serving. Buffet style was new to the students, but they soon got the idea and some of them ate their way through three heaping plates full.

I wish I had had enough sense to give a party much sooner, for it broke down the wall between us, and more of the students came to talk to me, and I found out more about them as people in the last three weeks than I had in all the previous months. The one thing wrong with the Fulbright assignment is that it seems too short to be really useful. There is *so* much adjustment to be made—on both sides—that it takes most of the year just to formulate a working basis. If I were staying a second year, it is possible that I might really do a good job with the Freshmen I started this year. As it is, they do not understand why I am abandoning them, and next year will be very difficult for them. I am leaving just as they are getting used to me; Mr. Krishnaswamy, who has been here for two years, leaves for graduate study in the United States; Mr.

Nevameethan, the lab assistant, who is sympathetic to their difficulties, is leaving to go into industry, and Mr. Sarin will have to round up two more young and strange contract men from India to take over the work. And somewhere down at the bottom of this heap of confusion are the poor youngsters.

The last few days before I left Mandalay were about as dizzy as the few days before I left Boulder—but different! Tyler had taken inventory of household goods when she arrived two weeks before I did, in June, so I took inventory after she left, ten days before me. Somewhere in the frequent borrowing back and forth of dishes and cutlery among the Western houses, we had ended up with seven big knives and five small ones, whereas the inventory list of December (there *was* one half-way through!) said six of each, so I spent part of three different days going around all the different houses trying to get somebody to swap one large knife for one small knife, but all I succeeded in doing was to make one servant happy by letting him exchange a big knife that was not his for one I had that was! I made a fascinating but fruitless tour of the pawnshops, which are Government-owned, in search of a stolen ring. I had another smallpox shot because there is an epidemic in Rangoon. I chased down the several agencies involved in the house-screening to get the job finished before I left. One four-inch square of the kitchen eaves never did get screened because a sparrow had built a nest there and the workmen would not disturb the young ones.

My last Sunday in Mandalay, I went to the Baptist church for communion. It has a big congregation of Burmese, Karens, Chinese, Indians, and a few Westerners. The hymns were announced and everybody sang the same tune, but used the words of his own language, and the result was surprisingly harmonious, and gave a fine volume, and a fine, friendly feeling of togetherness. It seemed to me such a proper commentary on my year—each of us in his own tongue, but all of us carrying the same basic refrain; each of us trying to fit our differences to the other's differences so that there might be harmony; and the parting with that heart-warming feeling of togetherness.

TOWARD PERFECTION

By JAMES L. MONTAGUE

Disgusted with his first attempt at men,
Jove made a flood to get a second try,
Chose the best pair to populate again,
Deucalion and his mate, the rest to die.
Jehovah, also, found he could rely
On very few of sinful Adam's race.
He joined the waters from the earth and sky
Drowned all, that weren't named Noah, in disgrace.
Would it be blasphemously out of place
For mortal, thinking on Immortals' deeds
To ask if They have found the grounds to base
More satisfaction in these later breeds,
Or does the current evidence suggest
More floods in this progression toward the best?

BY THE LIGHTHOUSE
(Pacific Grove, California)

By NORREYS J. O'CONOR

Down by the lighthouse the eternal sea
Moves in a measured dance; his partner, shore
Pressed close, then held at length; then close once more;
Sometimes he hurries, leaping recklessly.
Back from the ocean dunes, a weathered tree
Or two; bushes, set in a floor
Of sand and frowzy grass, provide a score
Of deer with food and sheltering greenery.

Such things are constants in a world distraught
By ceaseless clamors and uncertainties
Contriving man upon himself has brought;
A portion of the changeless verities
That through the ages he has caught
To link himself with the infinities.

In defense of the big university

DAYTON D. MCKEAN

In the autumn of 1956, long after most universities and large colleges had closed their admissions for the year, several small midwestern colleges joined to publish in the *New York Times* an advertisement announcing that they would still accept applicants. Were the two million students crowding into the big universities making millions of mistakes? Should they, instead, have been flooding the small colleges? Any majority, even a vast majority, can of course be wrong; but there is a certain presumption that any overwhelming majority knows what it is doing. In this instance it does.

When a boy (or girl) lays down the tuition money and, what is more precious, one or more years of youth for an education, he ought to get something for his own and his parents' sacrifices. By and large, he gets the most nowadays at the big university. Last year I served on an accrediting committee that in one week visited a small university—that's what it called itself—and a big state university in the same state. In each instance members of the committee were permitted to see the budget allocations. At the smaller institution I observed that the department of philosophy cost \$5,200 a year, the department of chemistry, \$13,500, and that other expenditures were proportional. I asked the president, since chemistry departments are notoriously expensive, if the \$13,500 covered everything—salaries, chemicals, other supplies, and equipment. He replied that it did. A few days later the dean of the faculty at the big state university expressed his regret to us that the budget for his department of chemistry was only half a million dollars a year; he said that he had received every assurance from his president that it would be increased substantially for 1957-1958. Now, when *that* university offers a major in chemistry it does not take the student's time and money under false pretenses. When, by granting its degree, it certifies that a student has done

satisfactory work in chemistry, any potential employer is apt to accept the degree without question.

When the bright student at the big university goes to his advisor and says that he would like to try anthropology, astronomy, colloidal chemistry, ecology, Greek, or whatever it is he wants to learn about, the professor is likely to say, "Fine. The schedule announces five sections of that course. What hour is best for you?" The big university gives the student a wide choice of intellectual fare. It offers him the maximum opportunity to find his particular talent and to develop his abilities as far as they will go.

At the little college, however, the people in charge are likely to make a virtue of their necessity and say to the student who wants to study biochemistry or minerology, "Oh, you don't really want to specialize like that. Instead, take Social Science 1 or Nineteenth Century French Philosophy." By coincidence, perhaps, courses are available in those subjects but not in the areas in which the student's curiosity has been aroused.

The small college and the big university have in common the policy that an undergraduate, after a year or two devoted to general and tool courses, shall, at least by his junior year, concentrate in one field of knowledge for his second two years. There are a variety of names for this focusing of education, of which the commonest is the *major*. Here the difference between the small college and the big university emerges. The student in the university has before him a wide choice of majors, from architecture to zoology. The student in a small college may face an unhappy choice: to take one of the half dozen majors available or to transfer at the end of his sophomore year to a university. Even some of the best endowed and best staffed small colleges must therefore annually lose to the universities a number of their most promising students who want a major in aeronautical engineering, public administration, or some other subject the small school cannot provide.

There is general agreement that a student majoring in one of the social sciences or humanities should be exposed to various points of view. In the big university each department is likely to be large enough so that most of the schools of thought can be represented on the staff. In a small college, however, there is likely

to be one man in economics, one in political science, and so on. I was once interviewing an applicant for a graduate scholarship who was a senior in a small institution and I asked him in what he was majoring. "In Professor Blank," he replied. "He's our department of sociology."

A well established major is botany, and a small college may have three or four students a year who wish to study the subject. What can the college do for them? Probably it can provide only textbook courses, for any college budget officer will object that it is uneconomical to build up an herbarium and employ one or more curators, to erect a greenhouse and pay for its upkeep, all for a corporal's guard of students. The university, on the other hand, will have every year enough students majoring in botany to justify the expenditure. And comparable situations arise in many subject matter areas.

Any one who will study the costs of operating institutions of higher education will observe that costs per student per year tend to vary inversely with institutional size: the smaller the college the greater the cost per student per year. The explanation is not at all difficult: every college or university has to have a president and other administrative officers, a campus, a library, laboratories, and so on. The costs of these items are relatively inflexible; that is, it costs about as much to mow the grass for one thousand students as it does for ten thousand. Or, given the same amount of income per student, a better education can be provided for ten thousand than for one thousand. Less of the money proportionally is used up in the necessary institutional, but not strictly educational, costs. People who assert that the way to meet the rising tide of students is to establish a college at every crossroads, in every community, neglect this cost factor: they would use up the taxpayers' funds and the students' tuition in unnecessary and costly duplication.

But we hear it said, "At the small college the student comes to know the faculty so much better than he does at the big university." There is an unstated major premise here that could have a hole in it. The argument assumes that all students want or should want to know, if perhaps not all of the faculty, at least most of the faculty. But many students regard professors much as cats regard

dogs, however deeply we may regret to acknowledge that fact; and such students are likely to be happier in a course with four hundred students in it than in a course with four. Most students, moreover, who have decided what they want to study are likely to get more satisfaction from knowing well a number of teachers in their fields than from a passing acquaintance with men in unrelated fields. The student whose major is geology is not likely to have much in common with an instructor in physical therapy; or a student whose chief interest is Spanish poetry will not likely care much about mathematical statistics, and keeping up a conversation with the professor thereof may be more of a chore than a delight. Each of us can maintain personal acquaintance with only a limited number of other people, and in the big university there are more persons available from whom that limited choice may be made.

It is a common mistake to assume that all classes in a small college are small, that all in a big university are big. Actually, class size and institutional size are independent variables. It is the number of faculty in relation to the number of students that influences or determines class size. Harvard, which nobody would call small, has a faculty-student ratio of one to three, far below that of most small colleges. But are small classes automatically good, large ones bad? The assumption is, at least, unproved; yet almost everybody who has attended college can recall many a dreary small class as well as many an inspiring big one. Some fine teachers—Woodrow Wilson was one—are at their best only before large classes.

"But you'll be lost at the big university. You'll be one among ten thousand." Unfortunately, perhaps, there are getting to be lots of people in this country, and most of us must, like it or not, spend our lives not merely in cities, but in big cities. We had best get used to having many people around, and probably the college years are none too soon. Each of us, if he is to be a success in his career, must sometime leave the little-steps-for-little-feet stage and grow up.

Most people who know anything about collegiate institutions would probably agree that a high proportion of the distinguished, the extraordinarily able, faculty is to be found in the universities.

The winners of the Nobel Prize or the Pulitzer Prize, if they are engaged in teaching, are at the big universities. It is often but not always higher salaries that attract the better faculty to the universities. The attraction may be, instead of money, the opportunity to work with advanced students, to do research, to associate with other scholars in the same field, or to have available the resources of a university library or laboratories; indeed, many a rising young scholar has accepted a cut in salary to move from a small college to a big university, for if money were his chief motivation he would not be in teaching at all. It is the life of the teacher-scholar that is appealing, a life best attained at the university.

The students who become so interested and competent in their subjects that, after attaining a bachelor's degree, they go on to earn doctors' degrees tend—and tend increasingly—to come from the universities, in fact from the big universities, such as California, Columbia, Wisconsin. The academic origin of holders of earned doctorates has been so carefully studied by the National Academy of Sciences (publications numbered 382 and 460) that no doubts need remain. The curve, moreover, shows that more and more are coming from the universities, and that the increase is not attributable solely to the greater number of students in the big universities.

The big universities should stop apologizing for their size. It is because of their size that they are making the contribution they are to American life. When a corporation wants some research done, does it go to Crossroads College? When the Atomic Energy Commission sets up a cyclotron, does it do so on the Freshwater campus or at the University of California? When a government agency wants a social science study made does it look to the faculty of Hilltop or Harvard? To ask such questions, as John Marshall liked to say, is to answer them. The big universities are getting the students and the research projects because they deserve to get them.

THE FRIGHTENED FEMALE

By ELOISE KEELER

How I long for the life of a primitive wife
Wearing only an animal skin,
Without ever a fear that my lipstick will smear
Or of starving to keep myself thin.

Without qualms I'll offend my most intimate friend
By forgetting to use chlorophyll,
Or of bursting in tears at a run in my sheers
Or depending for sleep on a pill.

Why, I'd no longer quake at the smallest mistake
In canasta or bridge party game
And my whites slightly gray or my hair blown astray,
Couldn't fill me with blistering shame.

Being so unenlightened I wouldn't be frightened
By politics, panics or wars,
Or be ever dismayed if my beds were un-made
Or the wax had rubbed off of my floors.

Yes, I long for the life of a primitive wife
In a snug little cave with my cubs,
With all of my scares from just wolves or from bears
Or those big hairy men wielding clubs.

No place to learn

LEO ROCKAS

In a year when Americans seem virtually agreed on the necessity for integration of the races in the public schools, it may seem strange to observe that total integration is not only impossible but undesirable and that a new segregation is desperately needed if our public-school education is to achieve its foremost purpose. The schools have always segregated children like puppies, by sex or coloring, for they would not all fit in the same kennel. And we cannot otherwise distinguish puppies. After some centuries of rumination we have concluded that the distinctions between puppies will not hold for children, and our solution has been to throw open the kennels and mix them all up. And if only the mixture in each kennel were chaotic enough, the result was bound to be equitable, democratic, and American.

Another time, when we are less skittish on the subject, we might gravely question the whole notion of integration, for mixing everybody up results not only in integration but also in conglomeration. Yet too many of us now demand that our schools, no less than our ports, be thrown open to everybody, convinced that all arguments for selection, or segregation, in the past have proved false. Like precocious undergraduates, we have defected from the fraternities of class and breed and surrounded ourselves militantly with our old scapegoats to display our enlightenment.

And so if the country was a melting pot, then the school must be one as well—no matter if in the process the virtue of each ore was lost. The school, anxious like the larger pot, the society, to achieve a harmonious amalgam, was bound to stress the need of melting, of “adjusting,” of thinning out old-world eccentricities, of becoming a “good mixer”—and of putting the heat on to achieve it—of “getting along with others,” which any recent high-school graduate will tell you was the object of the education he just completed.

But the school, and the society, that pretended to be classless and free of snobbery, turned out, when all was said and done, to thrive on a snobbery which was strengthened, not weakened, by the necessity of operating undercover. While the society theoretically repudiated discriminations of class and race, children in practice selected their friends, and were encouraged by parents and teachers to do so, along the same old lines. And so America remains the land of equal opportunity, at least for those of a certain appearance and bank account. Yet even those who seem to meet the standards discover, most of them, like Willy Loman, that equity and competition are incompatible, that not everyone can succeed.

It is well to bear in mind this snobbery and this competition when we are assured on every side that justice and equity prevail in the schools. They prevail to the extent that they prevail in the society. Education for the masses is unavoidably education by the masses: no matter how much teachers are paid, they can do little better than show the children their own faces. The morality of the schools turns out to be the lowest common denominator of morality. And the schoolboy who aspires toward gangsterdom is merely demonstrating the real, instead of the professed, virtues of his school and society—the aggressiveness, the competitiveness, the acquisitiveness which he has learned at his mother's and his teachers' knees. No wonder that some Americans, like Mary Schoenheit of Missouri, are willing to defy the courts and risk jail by withdrawing their children from the public schools.

So we need to ask ourselves the elementary question over again, because the simple answer seems to have become so clouded lately: What is the aim of education? If we subtract the function of "getting along with others" from education and put it, where it properly belongs, with the functions of the whole society, we are left with the bald and ancient description of the school: a place where teachers and students meet in the presence of books for everyone's intellectual edification. Has the history of mankind ever before seen a *school* that was anything but *scholastic*, an *academy* that was anything but *academic*?

What then must be done, say our professional educators? Must we put Euclid and Plato in the hands of every twelve-year-old? It's true our education is a little thin, but so is the populace which

demands it and is satisfied with it. Must we close up shop simply because it isn't the Agora?

No, none of this. Even if we could be persuaded that an enormous change is desirable, we probably couldn't, in our enormous system, effect it. But we can face the issue squarely. When we boast of the great numbers our educational system administers to, we ought to remember the great number—in the welter of statistics, no one seems to have determined *this* one—who attend under duress. Americans have always overdone a good thing. We establish *free* voting, and then all but force the voters to exercise their freedom. Free schools are free for no one who would, compulsory attendance aside, choose otherwise. It may be that my parent, like Mary Schoenheit, wishes to train me in the old system at home. It may be that I prefer an earlier start at the factory where I expect to spend my life. Who are you to deny me with the reproach of delinquent? It is clear that some teenagers, for the larger economy of society and for their own psychic economy, have no business in the schools, but we seem unable to segregate even to this extent. And so we keep the schools undemocratic in the one educational area where democracy makes sense. At least we might begin combatting the absurd tendency to *raise* the minimum age for quitting school, and perhaps it is only by such tiny steps that we can ever hope to see *free* schools.

We distinguish—segregate—citizens by their functions as citizens. We would not send textile workers to Arizona, nor assign ranchers to New York City. We do not finally mix up the puppies in their kennels; we distinguish them by their breed and function as dogs. In the schools we are less sure of ourselves. Because the former bases of segregation have had nothing to do with education, we overlook the obvious educational distinctions to be made. Well, not completely. We do isolate a few of the stray puppies and lavish on them special, separate training and facilities. In every city or county with a dozen schools you will find at least three devoted exclusively to special training—mainly state-supported apprenticeships in the crafts. Entrance to these schools, which used to be shameful proof you were one of those boys who could work only “with the hands,” is now often by competitive examination, and indeed if there is any *academic* competition in our schools

today, it is too often over the question of who is the least intelligent.

The chief function of education, if the country at large is to be adequately sustained, is the discovery and instruction of the best minds. What treatment does the superior mind get in our system? Well, we are told, examine the really first-rate products of our colleges and you will find proportionally as many competent scholars among them as any country can boast. It is doubtless true that the American graduate student gets as intense and professional an education as he might anywhere—sometimes more so—but what a dreary, difficult time he has getting that graduate degree.

Does anyone along the way give him any help or encouragement? In grammar school he is rigidly kept in the same class with others of the same age, in the same schools with others of the same neighborhood. To separate him might suggest that he is better—or worse—at any rate, *different*. And so, when he might be learning French and algebra, he is taught with the others that the Dutch wear wooden shoes and the Egyptians keep their mummies in pyramids—and that it's wiser to be a gay dog than a smart one.

In high school things are no better. The teachers have come through the slough of Education with a minimum of subject matter, and their information, like everybody else's, comes mainly from the popular magazines. The students are no more interested in learning anything than the teachers expect them to be. Everyone is frantically "getting along with others." And so after four years our student is ready, like the others, to take his place in the used-car lot or the real-estate office.

Is he ready for college? Well, perhaps he should go first to a junior college for two years. (What a phenomenon is America's junior college in the general prolongation of rudiments!) Is he ready to attend college after two years there? Well, maybe he isn't quite ready for his *junior* year at the university. Maybe he should take freshman chemistry a third time at the university to make sure he learns it. But then the university's chemistry course isn't quite what it used to be, because we can no longer assume adequate high-school training. And so at forty, balding and weary, when the university grants our persistent student his Ph.D. degree, our educators point to him with pride.

I propose that our students most worthy of education have, in the general frenzy over remaining average and normal, been unfairly treated. If in a city or county with a dozen high schools, three can be set aside for the student at the bottom of the scale, perhaps *one* school can afford "separate but equal facilities" for those at the top? Indeed, better separate than equal. Give us the oldest, dingiest building you have, but let the training there be frankly intellectual, and scholastic, and academic, and no nonsense about it. I'm thinking now of a school where you could not take shop if you wanted to and where that bright little girl need not cover her passion for mathematics with comic books. In this school the curriculum will be "classical," because that's all there is to learn—if you're interested in learning, that is, and not classes in Social Living and Driver Education.

Some schools now quietly recognize the abilities of their students by having separate sections of the same course. It won't do. There is every difference between being in a "special" class in a school where roguery is so thick that any mark of distinction is a disgrace and being in a school where there seems to be some virtue in having a mind. Not much learning can take place where the leaders think it's for the birds.

Entrance to our school will be limited by competition, and if this makes for intellectual snobbery, why then, add it to the list of petty snobberies our schools now perpetuate. Perhaps one additional snobbery having something to do with the intellectual matters at hand may be tolerated. Private schools have always had the singular virtue that within the thicket of snobbery at least a fraction of it was intellectual. Now it is time for our public schools to import it. Since we will need a new name for our school equivalent to its special function, we might use the German term for a similar phenomenon, the Real School, or we might remind the school of its function with the name of Academy.

There should be no special problems of discipline in a school where everyone attends by choice and is apparently competent for academic training. The teaching posts should properly be regarded as the plums of the area (even if, as in the private schools, the pay is lower), and should go to the best applicants—not those with the pleasant smiles, but those with the high grades. The

teachers had better, by this time, have the master's degree in a subject. Their aim should be to prepare students for the same education they received from the local colleges, which would soon begin favoring graduates of our school over others, and adjusting their elementary courses along the old sort of uniform expectations for freshmen instead of catering to illiteracy with "remedial" courses in reading and writing.

I am aware that our machinery for detecting the best minds, particularly among children, is imperfect. But I think it better to miss some good students than to miss all, as we now do. Students will be admitted to our school not merely as freshmen, but at any stage of their development which shows their superiority as students. Graduates of other high schools need not despair; perhaps they might take a second senior year at our Academy, instead of their two years at the junior college. At least some of our best students will be in an atmosphere where education may flourish, where sharpening of the wits is rewarding and fun, where it is proper and natural to think.

Nor do I finally despair that much of what I describe will soon come about. There are adequate signs of an intellectual renaissance in the country. The publishers, who ought really to have seen it long ago, have demonstrated in their new series of smartly designed and frankly esoteric paperbacks that it pays to be intellectual. Now that the great maw of television has absorbed the majority of commercial cinema, Hollywood is learning that there might be a large market for the art-film. In the colleges, practically everyone has caught on to the hoax of seventy different courses in Education. The danger, as I see it, is not that the "classical" curriculum may never return, but that, overwhelmed with our usual megalomania, we will set every schoolboy to declining Greek participles. By that time, as Mr. Riesman suggests, it may be wise to speak again of "getting along with others" and of vocational education, at least for those who will never profit from the Academy. But even if our system finally improves and if we overdo our intellectual education so much that it becomes sensible again to talk about vocational education, it will remain to the everlasting shame of the country that our "progressive" education, watered down to the same weakness for genius and dolt alike, was

given over, not because it was indiscriminate, or illogical, or anti-educational, or barbaric, but because it grew passé.

PREVIEW AND PERFORMANCE

By MARTIN ROBBINS

we pock-marked
caves in the vacant lot.
it started out
Tom Sawyer but
ended Sergeant York
with dug-outs and hardened
mud-balls for
dumdum bullets.

we tore our throats
with war noises,
unwarned
that in ten years
time would counter-attack,
tear our throats
with death to pour
blood in distant fox-holes.

M IS FOR MUSE IS FOR MURDER

By JOHN NIXON, JR.

Sociologists at Westminster College made a study of the life spans of nearly 10,000 persons in virtually every profession. And shortest lived of all were poets and explorers.—*This Week*

When choosing trades, the suicidal
Though cleverer boys reach for the bridle
Of Pegasus. The maybe cleverest
Go shinning up some newer Everest.

These lads, with marvelous agility,
Proceed to circumvent senility.

In swifter form comes death to no man
Than as Abominable Snow Man—
Unless it be in the neuritic
Guise of Abominable Critic.

So we'll slow down and let those pass us
Who will as we ascend Parnassus.

NOCTURNE

By HERBERT BOHN DEVRIES

All tongues are seeking sensibility:
And the silver running
 water ripples
 of the moon
Speak music now
Say song.

All hearts put down futility:
And the candy palaces
 of unconsciousness
 buried overdeep
Rise in natural seas
Atlantis-like.

All age has lost senility:
And birth is happy age
 snow-warmth life
 and cooling fire—

The paradox of love in war
And the moon in every river:

At the core of any hurricane:
Sleep.

ELEGY FOR A DYING FATHER

By HARRY C. MORRIS

We start the long withdrawal at our birth
And get the longed-for severance in our youth,
Reject all summons, nor return
Till now—now known to be the last.
Our hate is buried in an urn;
Indifference modulates to piety.
We seek a last society,
Now known to be the last.

The long train freights a solemn dirge;
In the station travelers verge
Along the tide of gleaming tracks;
They jostle for unwanted places
In blue-serged Charon's streamlined hacks.
Only sharp curves and eyeless faces
Break the monotone of death.
We watch the sun upon the rails,
At night the moon; we see our breath
On mirrors soot-flecked through a vent
And wash off dirt, fatigue and fear.
A child's night cry begins lament:
We mourn our own—not his, but our—death
And see ourselves—not him, but us—upon the bier.

We will lay him in this dust,
Died fifteen years before this death:
Bequeath a rest from days of wrath;
Bestow a fairer aftermath.

Symposium

[The place of foreign languages in the American educational system is a problem which should concern the general public as well as the professional educator. It is for this reason that *The Colorado Quarterly* presents a discussion of the problem as it relates to the requirements for the Doctor of Philosophy degree. Though this approach to the subject may at first seem narrow, it should be noted that the basic issue in the debate is the value of foreign languages for the educated man, while an important corollary issue is the kind of education future teachers and specialists should have in order to function effectively in our society and in the world community. The Editors.]

HAROLD F. WALTON

At a recent graduate faculty meeting at the University of Colorado the following motion to amend the foreign language requirement was debated:

The choice of foreign languages is within the discretion of the department. The language examinations shall be given only by the department in which the student is a candidate for a degree, or by the department's authorized representatives.

The existing rule states that candidates for the Doctor of Philosophy degree must pass reading examinations in two foreign languages. The choice of languages is approved by the department; the examinations are administered by the Department of Modern Languages. The intent of the motion seemed to be to let a department set as low a standard of language proficiency as it wished, in effect abolishing the language requirement without actually saying so. At least, this intention was not specifically disclaimed. The motion was lost, as befitted a dishonest way of doing things, but the problem remains, an honest one. Should all Ph.D. candidates, regardless of the field in which they are majoring be forced to pass examinations in two foreign languages? It seems to me that this problem, along with several other academic problems, deserves more careful consideration than it can be given in a faculty meeting.

There is a case for relaxing the general foreign language requirement for the Ph.D. To many students it is just a "hurdle" to be crossed and forgotten. In later life some find languages of little use professionally. A survey of psychologists, quoted at the faculty meeting just mentioned, showed that only 6% used their foreign languages in their work after graduation. Questionnaires returned by 13,000 college graduates employed by the General Electric Company (only a few of these were Ph.D.'s, however) listed foreign languages as the least technically useful of the courses taken in college (*New York Times*, Dec. 2, 1956). Most books of real importance are translated into English eventually; some large companies, including G.E., have their own translation service; a machine for translating technical works is being devised at M.I.T. English is almost, though not quite, what Latin was five hundred years ago, the universal language of scholars. Finally, we in Colorado live in the middle of a vast English-speaking continent. Why bother to learn any other language?

There are two reasons for the traditional language requirement for the Ph.D. One is that languages are needed as a tool in original work, and the Ph.D. is earned by original work. The other is that this degree, besides being the intellectual's "union card" and only too necessary for economic and professional advancement, is supposed to certify to the world that its holder is a member of an intellectual aristocracy. Knowledge of a foreign language is one of the marks of a cultured person. The two reasons blend together, for nobody can separate his professional activity from the rest of his life, but for convenience we shall discuss the "tool" aspect first.

In my own field, chemistry, knowledge of foreign languages is essential. Research moves fast all over the world, and not all of it is published in English. A census of research publications (*Analytical Chemistry*, December, 1956) found that in 1955, 49.4% were in English, 14.4% in German, 8.6% in Russian, 6.0% in French. Before the rise of Hitler the proportion of papers in German was higher, and the German chemical legacy persists. The two great chemical treatises, Beilstein's organic and Gmelin's inorganic *Handbuch*, are monuments to "deutsche Ausführlichkeit" and far too massive to translate. The American Chemical Society requires German for certification of chemists at the bachelor's

level and above. French, despite general opinion to the contrary, is still useful; what French scientists lack in numbers they make up in quality. Most chemists can still "get by" without Russian, but it will not be for long.

The situation in other physical sciences is similar. But this does not justify requiring languages for Ph.D.'s in *all* fields. In the science of Freud and Pavlov, for example, it would appear that no original work of any consequence is currently being done outside the English-speaking countries. This may be so. However, if original work is being done anywhere (and the Ph.D. is a degree earned by *original* work), the probability is that it is being done in many countries. I suspect, without being able to prove it, that those who find no use for languages in original research just don't know what they are missing.

The foreign language tool is useful outside the library. The "wandering scholars" of the Middle Ages are back again. Thanks to the Fulbright Act and the Ford Foundation, almost any professor who can arrange a leave of absence from his institution can study and work abroad if he wishes, and many do. American engineers and geologists are employed all over the world from Pakistan to Patagonia. International scientific conferences are more popular than ever and attract not only university people but industrial people too.

Now, it *is* possible to attend international conferences with no language but English. I attended one recently at which three-quarters of the papers were in English and half the participants were from the United States. Our Mexican hosts were generous and gracious. They did everything to make it easy for non-Spanish speaking guests, even to having welcoming committees at the airport. Courtesy alone would suggest that a guest respond with at least a token knowledge of the language, especially if he holds the Ph.D., the international academic union card; *noblesse oblige*. Besides, conferences like this are sometimes held in the United States.

A person who travels in another country without knowing the language is missing a lot of fun, and this brings us squarely to our second point: the place of languages in a liberal education. One of the purposes of a liberal education is to equip a person to enjoy

life. Millions of Americans go abroad each year just for pleasure, and many go to continental Europe. Even if they take a "package tour" (23 days, 17 countries—or is it vice versa?), they will enjoy reading the street signs and advertisements.

It is a privilege to travel abroad and enter, even if briefly and superficially, into the life of another country. It is a platitude to say that another language opens a window to another culture, but it is none the less true. It may not be generally realized that even a little of the language helps, as I can personally testify, having become an enthusiast for Spanish America only in the past eighteen months. The contact with the other culture need not, of course, stop when the traveler returns home.

Another platitude, no less true, is that the traveler abroad is an unofficial ambassador of his country. Unfortunately, knowledge of the local language does not guarantee the spreading of good will, but it does make good relations easier. There is no need to moralize on the national value of good ambassadors.

The few who are privileged to spend several months where another language is spoken can experience a rare pleasure, the power to express themselves in a second language. So doing they learn about language itself: what a finely balanced instrument it is, its symbolic nature, its limitations and therefore its glories. For words (beyond the common nouns and simple verbs) do not have cut-and-dried meanings; they have a whole complex of emphases and associations which are not duplicated from one language to another. It is a fascinating task to translate even the German of a scientific paper, with its relatively simple construction, into readable English. Even *die Wissenschaft* does not mean the same as the English *science*, nor is *task* exactly rendered by *Aufgabe*. It always amuses me and, I hope, my students that the same word, *reizend*, is used for "ein reizendes Gas" and "eine reizende junge Dame"—"an irritating gas" and "a charming, fascinating young lady." To be sure, the line between fascination and irritation is a fine one!

In the game of words two foreign languages are more than twice as useful as one, and a residue of high school Latin goes a surprisingly long way. By itself, this esoteric game hardly justifies compelling all Ph.D. candidates to master two languages. But it is

just possible that knowing other languages may help one to use his own language more effectively. If anyone thinks this is unimportant for a practical man, let him peruse *Chemical and Engineering News* or the new publication for industrial executives, *Research and Engineering*, and read the agonized pleas for better report writing.

At this point the harassed Ph.D. candidate will gladly agree that language study is important and a lot of fun for those that like that sort of thing; but life is short, there are only twenty-four hours in a day, and the Ph.D. is a specialized degree. Could not time spent on languages be more profitably spent on something else? I shall return to this point, but would first suggest that an hour spent in language study does not necessarily mean an hour less for research. The human mind is not a rigid container into which only a certain amount of knowledge can be poured. One uses different "mental muscles" for different kinds of study; and after a day spent with the atoms and molecules, half an hour with a Spanish grammar may even be a relaxation. A recent study at Alabama Polytechnical Institute (*New York Times*, Dec. 30, 1956) showed that entering freshmen who had elected foreign languages in high school did better than average on all entrance tests and in first quarter grades. This suggests that time used for language study need not prejudice the study of other fields. The excellence of so many Scandinavian, Dutch, and Swiss scientists, who are linguists by necessity (a recent chemical monograph published by John Wiley was composed *in English* by its Swedish author), points to the same conclusion.

Obviously a graduate student should not have to take time away from his research to learn a new language. The time to begin language study is early, preferably in high school or sooner. It is very encouraging to see that this is now possible in most school systems. Boulder's junior high schools, for example, are offering languages again after a lapse of many years. More and more colleges are requiring languages for entrance or for graduation (*What the Colleges are Doing*, Ginn and Co., 1954). The language tests for the Ph.D. are intended to be only a check on undergraduate requirements. Why not have similar tests in mathematics, English, social science, etc. for Ph.D. candidates? First, because the lan-

guage tool may be immediately needed; second, because some students can still go through undergraduate school without learning foreign languages, whereas they cannot, as a rule, graduate without English, mathematics, and other accepted components of an education. Rather than abolish the language tests for the Ph.D., we should encourage language studies at an earlier level.

The awkward fact remains that some students, through no fault of their own but by the deficiencies of an undergraduate curriculum, enter graduate school "short" a language or two. We must be realistic; their time is limited; they have a lot to do to earn their Ph.D., and perhaps the need for the "tool" in their field is not urgent. Now it very often happens that the best solution to a difficulty is found, not in one extreme view or the other, but in compromise or, better, a synthesis of different views. At the faculty meeting mentioned at the start of my polemic, an amendment was proposed to the effect that a student or department could have the option of one language (instead of two) plus study in a field outside of the major department. Thus an economist might study certain branches of mathematics in place of a second foreign language. This proposal was referred to a committee for further study.

The plan has obvious merit. It reminds one a little of the alternate service recognized by law for those who have good reason to refuse military conscription. The onus of justification must of course be on the department or individual requesting the substitution. An interesting consequence of the philosophy of "alternate service" concerns candidates in the field of classics or modern languages. Should they not be required to pass an examination in, say, elementary physics and chemistry? This might be a good idea; we are living in a technological age if not a scientific one. Nor let us forget Willard Gibbs' famous four-word speech to the Yale faculty: "Mathematics is a language!"

In conclusion, I believe languages to be the necessary equipment of an educated person, for his own enjoyment, for his responsibilities as a leading citizen, and for carrying out original work. I believe that the existing requirement of two languages for the Doctor of Philosophy degree should be retained, and that the examinations should be administered in such a way as to ensure common minimum standards for all departments. We should

by all means encourage potential Ph.D.'s to begin language study early. But the idea of substituting another field of study for one of the two languages *in special cases* is a good one and should be carefully considered. Who knows, certain candidates might even get to study philosophy!

GERHARD LOOSE

The language requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy is not an academic technicality but a question involving the purpose and meaning of the doctoral distinction.

It was the medieval university that created and established the doctorate. It was first awarded in the field of jurisprudence, and somewhat later in theology, which then was not considered as simply an area of special and specialized competence but indeed as *summa scientiae*. It was for this reason that the great schoolmen of the time such as Thomas Aquinas, reverently named Doctor Angelicus, and Duns Scotus, known as Doctor Subtilis, gave the doctoral degree the high distinction and prestige that was to endure. As the pursuit of knowledge broadened and as the theological motivation weakened, the Doctor of Philosophy was established. The etymology of this designation shows that this degree was to be conferred upon a man of learning who, beyond any special type of academic competence, was, and most importantly so, a friend of knowledge, indeed a man lovingly engaged in gaining wisdom.

Thus the Doctor of Philosophy came to be known and recognized as the man whose concern with matters of the mind was free, comprehensive, and enduring. Evidently, this was the ideal. It was not always realized, perhaps only infrequently so, and even in the remote academic past when the pursuit of universal knowledge and the devotion to wisdom was an aim not wholly beyond attainment, there were, I am sure, a goodly number of academic philistines among *doctores philosophiae*, and diligent research may uncover a dissertation to eclipse the scope and significance of a fairly recent doctoral effort: *Zahn und Zahnweh bei Goethe*

(Goethe's Opinions Concerning the Tooth and the Toothache). This dissertation is the prize possession in the Goethe collection of Yale University; it may be inspected upon request.

We are here concerned with the idea of comprehensiveness which guides the scholarly pursuits of the Doctor of Philosophy. Knowledge is a cosmopolitan thing; it knows no bounds. It may be found in diverse places, expressed in diverse idioms. The scholar must therefore know languages because *universitas litterarum* is a polyglot community. This is, of course, a fairly recent development. During the Middle Ages and in centuries beyond, scholarly communication was carried on in Latin. But the universities were a long time in accepting the standard national languages (such as French, English, and Italian). Christian Thomasius was the first professor to deliver his lectures in German; he initiated this practice at the University of Halle in 1687. And, gradually, multilingualism became a scholarly prerequisite.

The scholar was not only called upon to acquire a diversity of linguistic tools. As the Church surrendered its discipline over, and its monopoly of, scholarly pursuit, the quest of knowledge was being unfettered, and the body of knowledge grew beyond the mastery of the individual. Leibnitz, a contemporary of Thomasius, was perhaps the last true Doctor of Philosophy because his scholarly interests were universal and his knowledge catholic. Specialization became inevitable, and the Ph.D. degree gradually lost its original meaning. In the nineteenth century, the concept of major and minor concentration found acceptance: in addition to a field of thorough study (major), two areas of less thorough endeavor were designated (minor) as a safeguard against narrow specialization. Multilingual proficiency was insisted upon so that within the limitation just indicated the pursuit of knowledge might be free, comprehensive, and enduring.

This conception of the Ph.D. degree gained acceptance in the United States toward the end of the nineteenth century. The superiority of the European institutions of higher learning was recognized and, as a consequence, also the idea of linguistic proficiency because wide areas of knowledge would otherwise have remained inaccessible. But gradually, the United States became a leading power also in the area of scholarship, a development which gained

tremendous impetus in the last few decades, particularly during and since World War II. The accomplishments are great in the natural sciences and in technology; they are considerable also in the social sciences and the humanities. As a consequence, scholarly exchange has been broadened and accelerated through translations, digests, and the like. However, the trend toward specialization has aggravatingly persisted so that, generally speaking, very few still expect a Doctor of Philosophy to be a philosopher (in the non-technical sense of the word). There are expressions of regret and nostalgia, but, with pained bows before the inevitable, one accepts the latter-day Doctor of Philosophy as a specialized expert, a highly skilled representative of a profession.

If it can be demonstrated (and it can) that not "philosophy" is expected of the Doctor of Philosophy but physics, or less than that, nuclear physics, or perhaps even less than that, specialized competence in nuclear physics, and if it is granted that extreme specialization has displaced the philosophic idea both without and within the ivy-covered halls, then it appears that the time has come to reconsider the meaning and purpose of the highest academic degree once again.

This reconsideration may well start with the question as to the kind and degree of linguistic proficiency the candidates for the doctorate could and should develop. It is argued by the natural and social scientists (less so, if at all, by the historians and the representatives of the humanities) that in the light of the presently prevailing conditions (specialization, vastness and complexity of the fields of study, general availability of relevant material in translation, etc.) that the present requirement of two foreign languages is unrealistic and impractical. Nobody seems to insist that the language requirement be eliminated entirely, but it has been suggested, and strongly so, that greater flexibility is desirable and that the individual departments should decide for each candidate the necessary kind and degree of linguistic proficiency. Some hold that a reading knowledge in one foreign language suffices. Those graduate students who are critical of the present requirement argue that the lecture courses and the seminars demonstrate inconclusively, if at all, the usefulness of a command of foreign languages. This contention is borne out in some cases by the fact

that they take their language examination at a time when they have virtually completed their course work. One may blame their lack of a larger interest and comprehensive motivation. The fact remains that they have about twenty years of education behind them in the course of which languages were dealt with most perfunctorily or not at all. For these candidates for the doctorate, languages have only nuisance value. They are hurdles to be taken with a minimum of effort; they are relegated to the limbo of oblivion as soon as the requirement has been met. Indeed, I have listened to Doctors of Philosophy who, some proudly, others sheepishly, told me how they outfoxed the language examiner. It is this kind of cynicism which, more than anything else, gives me pause.

A change seems indicated. However, I do not think that a watering-down of the degree requirements is the solution. Reducing the required languages from two to one is but a step toward the complete elimination of the requirement. In many fields, a knowledge of English, French, and German enables the scholar to keep up-to-date in his studies and research. The elimination of one would create a serious gap and eventually lead to a weakening of the desire to read foreign publications. Why read in another language if the reading cannot be fairly comprehensive? We also contend here with the idea that the reading knowledge should be directly practical and immediately useful. This is the narrowly utilitarian, aphoristical approach against which it could and should be argued that there is no reason why, for instance, a chemist should restrict his readings in French or German to his special field of competence and that he might be a better chemist if he read widely, indeed even outside the province of chemistry. The indirect benefit gained from reading a French novel now and then is admittedly intangible but could be very real. The knowledge of a foreign language is not only a research tool but also a humanistic asset which the Doctors of Philosophy (and those aspiring to this distinction) cannot disregard. But all arguments about the usefulness and the humanistic value of foreign languages will sound hollow if we, the teachers, only preach and do not practice.

But the demand for Ph.D.'s has greatly increased and is still increasing at a considerable rate. However, in a good many cases,

the demand is not for Doctors of Philosophy but for persons who are better trained than Masters of Arts or Science. Little more, if anything else, is desired than a high degree of skill and special competence. We are here concerned with the idea of a professional degree in contradistinction to the Doctor of Philosophy. The professional degree is now being offered in the field of education: the so-called professional certificate, and the Doctor of Education (D. Ed). No linguistic proficiency is required for either degree.

It might be advisable to offer similar professional degrees in other fields as well, instead of awarding a Doctor of Philosophy which has lost nearly all of its philosophic purpose and meaning. The professional degree would be less costly as far as time and money is concerned, and it might well be borne in mind that the cost of education, already high and almost forbidding, is still increasing. Furthermore, the professional degree would more honestly reflect the intent and the accomplishments of the candidate. It might also help solve the problem with which the institutions of higher learning are confronted.

There is already a shortage of college teachers, and it is estimated that it will become truly critical within the next few years. Clearly the watered-down or cut-rate Ph.D. is not the solution. As long as the colleges and universities are called upon to teach the kind of basic course which the high schools ought to teach but can't or won't, the institutions of higher learning might do well to reconsider their present policy of demanding the Ph.D. degree of their faculty who teach the liberal arts. The professional degree or an improved Master's degree may reflect the desired competence, and the Doctor of Philosophy might then be demanded only of those who are called upon to teach advanced undergraduate and graduate courses and who wish to engage in research. Thus we could regain some of the original meaning of the Ph.D. degree, and the insidious comparison of the doctorate with a union card might lose some or all of its justification.

I have merely attempted to indicate possible directions of thought. However, I am convinced, at least at this juncture, that a Ph.D. degree without an honest language requirement is meaningless and that it is not an article for mass production.

DONALD A. GARRETT

It is unlikely that any serious objections would be raised to the present foreign language requirements for the Ph.D. degree if the candidates actually mastered the languages and subsequently employed them in the practice of their respective professions. However, it would certainly be naive to pretend that any such situation now prevails, or can be made to prevail, by the mere retention of the current language requirements in the graduate school catalogue. A persistent competition in language laxity has long since transformed the present requirements into an almost meaningless hurdle, causing them to prolong the doctoral program without resulting in the acquisition of a usable proficiency in the languages ostensibly studied. Whatever cultural values might result from the mastery of one foreign language are certainly not to be ascribed to the current practice of maltreating two. The present language requirements are widely viewed as a symbol of empty, make-work scholarship designed primarily to restrict and obstruct entry into the learned professions. This stigma is at present justly deserved, and will persist so long as hypocrisy decrees that two languages must be studied but neither need be learned.

Unfortunately, the present language requirements also have the effect in practice of substantially lowering standards of proficiency in the remaining portions of the Ph.D. program. Inasmuch as procrastination is often the mother of invention, graduate students frequently avoid the language barrier until they are compelled to interrupt their regular studies completely in order to prepare for the language examinations. A situation thereby results in which the doctoral candidate is on and off and then on his subject-matter track again, with a consequent delay of two or three semesters and the loss of many opportunities for advancement in his own field. To some extent, then, the eventual degree holder loses competence in the area of his greatest interest without acquiring any comparable or offsetting competency in the languages which temporarily sidetracked him. Thus, instead of representing a devotion to high standards, the present language requirements frequently operate to lower them by robbing Peter without paying Paul. The present interest, therefore, in altering the language

requirement stems from a sincere desire to elevate standards and/or shorten the program rather than from any thought of making the doctoral curriculum more palatable for either the dilettante or the dunder-head. With the ever-increasing complexity and diversity of modern knowledge, the program leading to the Ph.D. must either go forward or backward, since to stand still actually represents continuous retrogression relative to the quantity and the quality of education that could and should be imparted. A more realistic foreign language requirement would at least represent a recognition of, and a partial willingness to meet, the rapidly changing conditions in higher education.

Unless graduate programs are in fact greatly improved and vastly expanded, the Ph.D. degree is threatened with virtual obliteration as an accepted prerequisite for teaching in colleges and universities. According to the estimates of the Committee on Education appointed by President Eisenhower, the total enrollment of resident college students will increase from about 2.5 million in 1955 to somewhere between 4.2 and 6.7 million in the next fifteen years. Expressed differently, college enrollments may be expected to more than double in the next decade or so, resulting in a proportionate increase in the number of college and university teaching positions from the present 196,000 to approximately 495,000 by 1970. Needless to say, current graduate programs cannot possibly cope with such a huge demand for new teachers. Even assuming a "medium" projection of college enrollments, and an increase in the student-teacher ratio from the present 13:1 to an undesirable 20:1, the best estimates seem to indicate that no more than half of the new college and university teachers needed in the next fifteen years will hold the Ph.D. degree. It would be sheer folly to accelerate this process of diluting faculties with teaching personnel who lack the Ph.D. degree through blind allegiance to formal requirements that have lost their functional significance. At the very best, the next decade will generate almost overwhelming pressures to "stretch" the services of available Ph.D.'s through larger classes, the use of assistants, and the adoption of various mechanical devices for simulating education by remote control. At worst, the decade may witness a proliferation of substitute degrees aimed at qualifying partially-trained scholars as college teachers without the

hampering restrictions of the language requirements. It would be tragic if those who sought to protect the sanctity of the present language requirements succeeded only in increasing the number of teachers without the Ph.D. degree.

The training of Ph.D.'s in economics may well serve as an illustration of the issues raised at the department level by the present foreign language requirements. Through a tremendous acceleration in the quantification in economic science, the time is rapidly approaching when it will become obligatory for a Ph.D. in economics to have a background in mathematics up to and including a course in differential equations. Needless to say, few if any candidates have such a background, since requirements in mathematics at the undergraduate level are declining, and the need for mathematics in economics does not become pressing until after the Master's degree. Thus the Ph.D. candidate is customarily confronted with the necessity of overcoming a deficiency in mathematics amounting to ten to twenty semester hours if he is to pursue the study of economic theory to its furthest reaches. This circumstance creates especially difficult problems since courses in mathematics must usually be studied in sequence, while the courses in economics for which the mathematics is a prerequisite are held in abeyance until the whole series has been completed. The dilemma faced by the candidate is that if he takes time out to study both mathematics *and* two foreign languages, his entire program may well be lengthened by as much as two years. Since the language requirement is an inflexible one, imposed upon the department from without, the candidate ruefully "elects" to learn the languages rather than the mathematics, contenting himself with something less than the best in economics. The result is a candidate disappointed in his university and a department restricted to mediocrity in its doctoral work by the formal requirement of two foreign languages.

As an immediate practical matter, the Department of Economics at the University of Colorado is expecting to find it difficult to induce students to enroll in certain advanced courses in economic theory to be offered for the first time next September. Although funds are finally available for the teaching of these advanced courses in mathematical economics necessary for the establishment

of a truly outstanding department, it is not at all certain that students can be induced to take the time to prepare themselves in mathematics in order to benefit from such courses. Certainly unless doctoral candidates are permitted to substitute mathematics for one of the two foreign languages, it will be virtually impossible to persuade them to avail themselves of the highest quality of training of which the Department of Economics will be capable.

Since it is always wise to delegate authority to that administrative level at which the best information is available for decision-making, the individual department should have the greatest possible flexibility in arranging its doctoral programs to ensure the attainment of the finest in scholarship. Inasmuch as the present language requirements are inflexible and obstructive, they should be replaced by a realistic program that is meaningful both to the candidates themselves and to those responsible for the immediate supervision of their graduate studies. Such a program necessarily implies greater flexibility and enlarged discretionary powers for the administering department. An arrangement which permitted each department the option of substituting work in a related field for one of the two foreign languages would improve morale and remove a serious obstacle to the smooth and efficient training of an enlarged body of graduate students. To do less would seem to indicate a preference for a pretense of learning over the realities of possible improvement in the doctoral program.

(Continued from page 340)

MARTIN STAPLES SHOCKLEY ("Hemingway's Moment of Truth," p. 380), Professor of English at North Texas State College and President of the Texas Poetry Society, has contributed to *Studies in Philology*, *Journal of Higher Education*, *College English*, *Southwest Review*, *American Literature*, *PMLA*, and the *Spring* (1954) and *Autumn* (1955) issues of the *Colorado Quarterly*.

ALICE MOSER CLAUDEL ("In Love's Time," poem, p. 388) was general chairman of the Acadian Bicentennial in Louisiana in 1955. She has contributed poetry to a number of poetry magazines and university journals including the *Autumn* (1953) *Colorado Quarterly*.

MARION MONTGOMERY ("The Dead of the Latest War," poem, p. 389) teaches English at the University of Georgia. For two years, he held the dual position of Assistant Director of the University of Georgia Press and Business Manager for the *Georgia Review*. His poems have been published in the *New York Times*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Epoch*, *Georgia Review*, and the *Winter* (1955) *Colorado Quarterly*.

ZENA HUNTER ("Letters from Burma," p. 390), Assistant Professor of Geology, joined the Geology Department at the University of Colorado in 1947. As a Fulbright Fellow, she lectured in geology at University College, Mandalay, Burma, in 1955-56. Her map-compilation of the "Geology of the Foothills of the Front Range, Northern Colorado" was published by the Rocky Mountain Association of Geologists in 1955.

JAMES L. MONTAGUE ("Toward Perfection," poem, p. 408), a free lance writer for newspapers and magazines, is also an artist whose paintings have been exhibited at the Boston Art Festival and in shows in New York, Washington, and Portland, Maine. His poetry has appeared in the *New Yorker*, *New York Times*, *New York Herald Tribune*, *American Weave*, *Yankee*, *Lantern*, and the *Autumn* (1956) *Colorado Quarterly*.

NORREYS J. O'CONOR ("By the Light-house," poem, p. 409), social historian and poet, has published ten books, the most recent being *Late Offering* (Ward Ritchie Press, 1952).

DAYTON D. MCKEAN ("In Defense of the Big University," p. 410) is Dean of the Graduate School and Professor of Political Science at the University of Colorado. Dean McKean has taught at Princeton and at Dartmouth, has held several governmental positions, has served in the New Jersey Assembly and as Democratic state chairman of New Hampshire. He has written several books and numerous articles and reviews in the field of political science.

ELOISE KEELER ("The Frightened Female," poem, p. 415), a Californian, is the sister of Leonarde Keller, who developed the lie detector. As an actress she performed in tent shows, stock companies, and on Broadway. Six of her plays were published for amateur productions, and for ten years she wrote for radio and broadcast from stations in Chicago and California. Her verse has been printed in the *Wall Street Journal*, *Progressive World*, *Boston Post*, and local newspapers.

LEO ROCKAS ("No Place to Learn," p. 416) teaches English at Wayne University. A longer version of his article was awarded a prize in the Hopwood Contest at the University of Michigan in the spring of 1956.

MARTIN ROBBINS ("Preview and Performance," poem, p. 422), a graduate of the University of Colorado, was director of publicity for the Aspen Festival for 1953-54. His poems have appeared in *Epos*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *New York Times*, and the Autumn (1955) *Colorado Quarterly*.

JOHN NIXON, JR. ("M Is for Muse Is for Murder, poem, p. 423), a native of Mississippi, now lives in Virginia. His poems have appeared in the *New Yorker*, *Saturday Review*, *Arizona Quarterly*, and *Lytic*, which awarded him the Young Poet's Prize in 1955.

HERBERT BOHN DEVRIES ("Nocturne," poem, p. 424), a graduate of the University of Colorado, received a scholarship to the Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains in 1952 and again in 1953. Poems of his appeared in the 1953 and 1954 editions of *America Sings*, which is the annual publication of the National College Poetry Contest, and in the Winter (1955) *Colorado Quarterly*.

HARRY C. MORRIS ("Elegy for a Dying Father," poem, p. 425) teaches English at Tulane University. His poems and essays have been published in numerous poetry magazines and university quarterlies, including an article on John Marin in the Summer (1955) *Western Humanities Review* and a poem in the Winter (1955) *Colorado Quarterly*.

HAROLD F. WALTON ("Symposium," p. 426), Professor of Chemistry at the University of Colorado, has written textbooks and articles in his field and amusing essays for the Winter (1953) and Autumn (1955) issues of the *Colorado Quarterly*.

GERHARD LOOSE ("Symposium," p. 432), Professor of German at the University of Colorado, joined the faculty in 1939. Since he has a Ph.D. degree in sociology, his plea for proficiency in foreign languages does not necessarily reflect a narrow professional concern.

DONALD GARRETT ("Symposium," p. 437), Assistant Professor of Economics at the University of Colorado, teaches in the general education course in the social sciences. He also wrote the workbook now in use in the experimental course in Principles of Economics developed under a Ford Foundation grant.

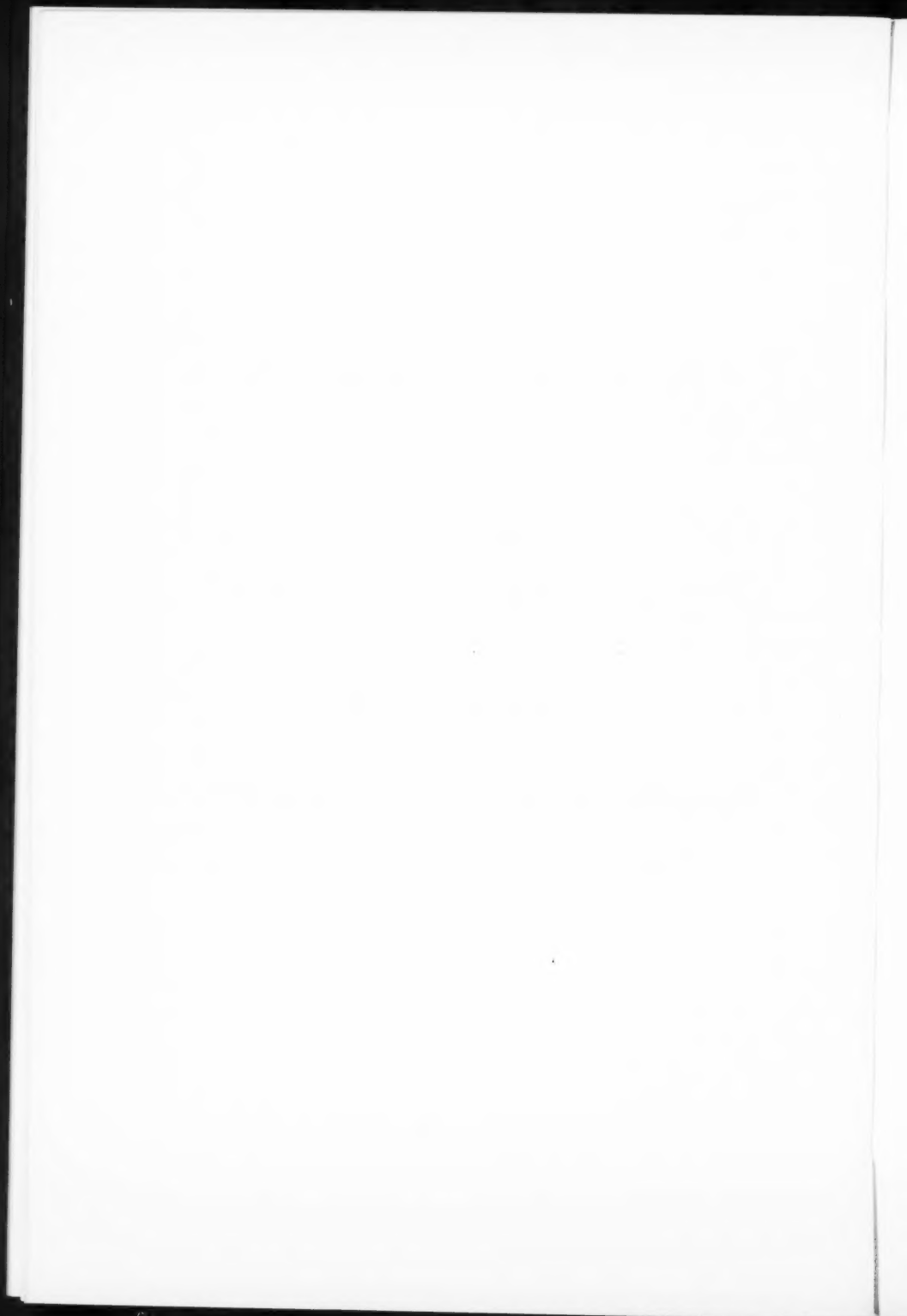
The Colorado Quarterly

Published by

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

VOLUME FIVE

Summer, 1956, through Spring, 1957



The Colorado Quarterly

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